

# Newport Mercury

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NEWPORT, R. I.  
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## Local Matters

### BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The board of aldermen had a long and busy session on Thursday evening, opening many bids for various supplies, and transacting much other business incident to the early part of the year. Following a conference in executive session, a telegram was sent to Washington, asking Senator Gerry to use his influence to retain the Seventh Artillery Band at Fort Adams instead of being transferred to Florida in accordance with the present orders.

A protest was received against the erection of a garage on the old stable property at Spring and Touro streets. Attorney William R. Harvey appeared in the interests of William A. Sherman and other owners of property in the vicinity. He said that it would be a detriment to their property and to the proposed new Court House which is to be erected near by. Mr. Edward A. Hassard, one of the owners of the property, said that the garage would be no detriment, but would be an improvement. The work is no different from what is being done in the centers of other cities. In response to a question, he said that the owners would be willing to throw in the necessary land to widen the sidewalk. After some discussion, the matter was laid on the table for another week.

A representative of the Simpson Brothers Company, pavement layers, appeared before the board in regard to specifications for the pavement on Broadway and Bellevue avenue. He wanted the Company's specifications adopted for the bidders, and stated that it would in no way interfere with competitive bidding. The Newport Water Works announced that the order had been placed for the pipe for Bellevue avenue, that it was expected to arrive in February, and that the Company would be ready to begin work immediately thereafter. The board granted the petition of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company for a conduit under Thames street at the foot of Mary street.

A large number of bids for various supplies were received and were referred to the city clerk for tabulation. They will then be considered by a committee who will report their recommendations to the board at its next meeting.

The contract for a sanitary cart for the highway department was awarded to the B. F. MacDonald Co., for \$475.

The mild weather of Thursday again made possible a practice march of the brigade from the Training Station through the streets of Newport. The number was a little smaller than on their last appearance because of the details that have been sent to sea and a still larger number that are now on furlough.

Abe Toback of this city is at the Newport Hospital, suffering from painful injuries as the result of an automobile accident while on the road to Fall River. For some unknown reason his auto turned over and the occupants were all thrown out. The police ambulance brought the injured man back to Newport.

### FORT BAND LEAVING

Fort Adams will soon look more like a deserted village than ever. A detail of Coast Artillerymen and the famous Seventh Artillery Band have been detached from the Fort and ordered to the South, so that there will be but a very few men on duty here. The loss of the Band is a matter of great regret to the citizens of Newport as well as to the Army representatives here. There is a disposition in some quarters to blame the removal of the Band upon the Municipal Band, which is manifestly unfair. If this district was of sufficient importance numerically, the band would undoubtedly be retained here, regardless of local conditions.

The attempt to blame the Municipal band for the loss of the Army band rests upon the insistence of the local organization that the City appropriation for band concerts should be paid to a Newport Institution. After the Park Commission had voted to engage the Fort band for one-half the number of concerts, a protest was made at Washington against allowing a Government Band to come into competition with a civilian band. In accordance with Government regulations this protest was sufficient to prevent the Fort band taking any of the work. Nor can anyone blame the Municipal band for insisting upon city support. The income from the City appropriation constitutes practically all the receipts of the Municipal band, as there is now very little demand for outside services, and the organization could hardly be kept together without this income.

On the other hand, the Municipal band has not played dog-in-the-manger and kept the Fort band out of all local engagements. In 1920, the writer had occasion to engage a band to accompany an organization for a parade in Providence. He went to the manager of the Municipal band and told him that for that occasion he proposed to engage the Fort band, and the local manager interposed no objection whatever. The writer then got into communication with the then Adjutant at the Fort who was in charge of the band. He immediately raised objections—did not think the band could go, did not think they would be allowed to parade if they went to Providence. After considerable argument the Adjutant sent over a long printed blank form to be filled out before the band's services could be engaged. Among other things this required the written consent of the Mayor of the City of Providence, of the Postmaster of the City of Providence, and of the head of the Musicians' Union of the City of Providence. Somewhat daunted by this formidable document, which was some degrees worse than an income tax return, the writer gave up the project and engaged the Municipal band, which gave complete satisfaction throughout the day. But, it must be remembered that the local band interposed no objection to the engagement of the Fort band, but all the discouragement came from the official representative of the Government band.

### MRS. NATHANIEL S. LITTLEFIELD

Mrs. Nathaniel S. Littlefield, who died at her home in Jamestown on Wednesday, had a wide acquaintance all over the country, coming into contact with thousands of visitors who made the Gardner House their home during the summer months. Mr. and Mrs. Littlefield conducted the Gardner House for many years and built up a large and flourishing business there, always maintaining the high reputation of the establishment.

Mrs. Littlefield was in her seventy-third year, but had been very active until her last illness. She was stricken with pneumonia about a week before her death, and the disease soon assumed a critical aspect. Her loss is greatly regretted by a wide circle of friends.

Mrs. Littlefield is survived by her husband and one son, Mr. Edwin G. Littlefield.

Counsel for Rev. Thomas R. Bridges have filed in the Superior Court an appeal from the decision awarding a divorce and alimony to Mrs. Bridges in her recent action. The appeal is taken on the ground of lack of jurisdiction and also on the matter of alimony.

### THE BROADWAY PAVEMENT

The board of aldermen is giving much study to the matter of specifications for the new pavement on Broadway. In order to have everything in readiness as soon as the weather is open for work in the spring. It is understood that the specifications as at present prepared call for a thick pavement of re-inforced concrete laid directly on the mud and running water of the roadway. To an engineer, this may seem like good practice, but to the layman it looks as if the vast sum of money might as well be dumped into the harbor for all the good that it will do as a permanent pavement.

Broadway has never had a foundation laid in all the years that patching and temporary road building has been going on. The under surface is in most places an absorbent clay that soaks up the water like a sponge and holds it for a long time. In a number of places the underground conditions are worse than in others. At the Mile Corner is a bad place, where the surface water comes in from the rise on the Middletown side. In the valley at Gibbs avenue and vicinity there is another very bad place where water stands at all times. One of the very worst places is in the neighborhood of Newport avenue, where there is a stream of running water under the surface, which of course is especially strong in the spring of the year.

The condition of the granolithic sidewalk on the west side of Broadway from Newport avenue south to Gould street shows what the underground water can accomplish in the way of destruction. Within a year after those sidewalks had been laid they were practically destroyed by the action of the frost due to lack of proper foundation. In some cases, the city tore up the original sidewalks, carried the foundation down for another inch or two, and then laid more concrete, with exactly the same results as in the first instance.

There has been much discussion as to the relative merits of granite blocks and re-inforced concrete for the top surface of the Broadway pavement. To the layman, it would seem to make comparatively little difference as to which is used for the surface, provided that the foundation is properly laid, but without a good foundation either surface would be utterly ruined within a few years. The advocates of granite blocks point to Thames street in support of their argument. But it must be remembered that in Thames street there has been built a splendid foundation for the blocks, which has upborne the heavy traffic for years.

With a good concrete pavement properly laid on Broadway, the surface should be good for a great many years. Broadway is a wide street with plenty of room for traffic, unlike Thames street, where the traffic all moves in narrow lanes. With the passing of the metal rimmed tire for heavy vehicles the greatest cause of destruction to paving is the use of skid chains during the snowy weather, but on Broadway this traffic would naturally follow the car tracks which are the first to be cleared after a snow storm, and where the pavement is to be granite block anyway.

There is no reason why re-inforced concrete should not be entirely satisfactory, but for the mercy of the taxpayers, have an adequate foundation before putting it on.

William E. Johnson, the well known prohibition advocate, will be in Newport on Thursday, February 14, and will deliver an address at the United Congregational Church. "Pussyfoot" Johnson, as he is well known all over the world, is one of the most successful workers in the cause. He lost an eye in England some years ago as the result of an attack by some men opposed to his policies, but this has not deterred him from the work. His health is far from rugged, however.

Thursday was guest day at the Lions Club, when each member had one or more guests present, making a very large attendance. Rev. Roy W. Magoun was the principal speaker and gave a very entertaining address on the advantages of Newport as a place of residence and of business. Plans are still being developed for raising funds for the benefit of the Henderson Home for Aged Men.

### SEVERE COLD WEATHER

Last Sunday was the coldest day of the season, some thermometers in the outskirts registering a temperature below zero, but in the heart of the city it was generally a little above that mark. A high wind prevailed all Saturday night, which made the cold even more penetrating. Monday morning the temperature was still very low, and by that time the results of the cold spell had become visible in frozen water pipes and frozen automobiles. In spite of the severe weather, there was little demand for the services of the firemen. The schools were able to keep fairly comfortable Monday morning, with one exception. In one school a boiler which had been in use for more than a quarter-century, failed to produce heat enough to warm the building and the pupils had to be dismissed.

Since the cold spell, some abnormally warm weather has been experienced, with soft ground everywhere. Today is Candlemas Day, and if one believes the old adage, he can learn today what the weather will be for the remainder of the winter. In spite of one or two frigid periods, it has been delightful thus far, and most people hope that it will continue.

### ST. PAUL'S LODGE

At the annual communication of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M., held late last week, the following officers were elected or appointed, and installed:

Worshipful Master—William A. Perkins.  
Senior Warden—George F. Ward.  
Junior Warden—William A. Peckham.  
Treasurer—George B. Austin.  
Secretary—Phatcher T. Bowler.  
Chaplain—Rev. Stanley C. Hughes.  
Senior Deacon—Alister I. MacIver.  
Junior Deacon—W. Ludd Moody.  
Senior Steward—Augustin C. Titus.  
Junior Steward—Fred P. Webber.  
Musical Director—T. Fred Harry.  
Marshal—Robert C. Ebbes.  
Sentinel—John Thompson.  
Tyler—James G. Swinburne.  
Finance Committee—Edward A. Sherman, John P. Peckham.  
Relief Committee—Orin M. Alger, Arthur J. Ober.

The retiring Worshipful Master, Alvah H. Sanborn, was presented by Worshipful Master Perkins with a past master's jewel.

### CAPTURED IN BASEMENT

Officer Downing made a clever capture of three men, who are charged with breaking into the basement of Otto Voigt's establishment on lower Thames street early Sunday morning. The policeman had noticed some suspicious actions as he passed along his beat, and quickly returned unobserved to see what was going on. He saw a light in the basement and called the Police Station for assistance. The patrol wagon was sent down and the three men were taken into custody.

When arraigned before Judge Levy on charges of breaking and entering with intent to commit larceny, they pleaded not guilty and bail was fixed at \$500. One of the trio was also charged with assault on an officer, and in his case the bail was an additional \$300.

There was an alarm from box 16 Sunday afternoon, calling the fire department to the three family house at 15 Cherry street, where a lively blaze was in progress. The fire was caused by driving a heating stove to such an extent that the smoke pipe, passing through several partitions, became overheated and set fire to the woodwork. Considerable chopping was necessary to get at the flames, but the occupants were able to remain in the building after the firemen had finished their work.

Kolah Kronikle, the official publication of Kolah Grotto, has in its February issue a very interesting letter from Richard K. Sloum, formerly of this city, describing in detail his long trip across the continent from Newport to Los Angeles by automobile.

Plans are on foot for organizing a company of the National Guard in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Smith are spending a few weeks in Florida.

### MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

#### Fourth Quarterly Conference

The District Superintendent, Rev. Ira W. LeBaron, presided at the fourth quarterly conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The following officers were elected:—  
Trustees—Charles Peckham, Millard F. Smith, Arthur W. Chase, William J. Peckham, Edward E. Peckham, Alden P. Barker, William L. Brown, Fred P. Webber and Ashton C. Barker.

Stewards—Alden Barker, W. L. Brown, Nathan Brown, Miss Hattie S. Brown, Chester Brown, Mrs. Abram A. Brown, Miss Ellen E. Smith, Arthur W. Chase, Mrs. A. H. Ward, George H. Irish, Mrs. George H. Irish, Edward E. Peckham, Mrs. Edward E. Peckham, Miss Sarah I. Peckham, Miss Sadie E. Peckham, Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham, Fred P. Webber, Mrs. Isaac Peabody, John H. Peckham, John Nicholson, W. J. Peckham, Charles D. Martin, Charles Peckham, Robert M. Pike, Jr., Frank P. Peckham, Mrs. Harold V. Peckham, George Brown.

Recording Steward—William L. Brown.

Communion Steward—Miss Ellen E. Smith.

District Steward—W. J. Peckham.

Alternate—W. L. Brown.

Treasurer of Finance—William L. Brown.

Treasurer of Benevolences—Fred P. Webber.

Committee on Church Records—Fred P. Webber and W. J. Peckham.

Auditors—John Nicholson, Stephen Barker.

Parsonage and Furniture—Officers of the Ladies' Aid Society, W. J. Peckham, Edward E. Peckham.

Estimating Pastor's Salary—Fred P. Webber, W. L. Brown, Edward E. Peckham.

Church Music—Sarah I. Peckham, Mrs. Edward E. Peckham, Mrs. Fred P. Webber, Frank P. Peckham, John H. Peckham.

Christian Stewardship—Mrs. Annie Congdon, Mrs. Fred P. Webber, Mrs. Isaac Peabody.

Appointed Benevolences—R. M. Pike, Jr., F. P. Webber, E. E. Peckham, W. L. Brown, Mrs. Annie Congdon, Mrs. E. E. Peckham.

Religious Instruction—Miss Ellen Smith, Mrs. Helen Ward Peabody, Mrs. R. M. Pike, Jr.

Tracts—Miss Ida B. Brown, Miss Elsie Peckham.

Temperance—Mrs. Clara Grinnell, Mrs. Walter S. Barker, R. M. Pike, Jr.

Education—Fred P. Webber, Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham, Miss Emily Martin.

Hospital and Deaconesses—Mrs. John H. Peckham, Mrs. Harold Peckham, Miss Dorothy A. Peckham.

The Pastor, Rev. John P. Pierce, was given a unanimous invitation to return for another year.

Mrs. Lewis R. Manchester, who has been ill for the past three weeks, is improving slowly.

Mr. George Christian is ill at his home on Wyatt Road.

Mrs. Arthur A. Anthony entertained the Oliphant Reading Club on Friday afternoon. Mrs. Anthony, who is the Captain of the Wild Rose Troop of Girl Scouts, presented the subject, "Girl Scout Work."

The men of the Methodist Episcopal Church will give their annual dinner on Thursday, Feb. 7. This year they will serve a turkey dinner.

Mr. W. J. Peckham is chairman of the committee, assisted by John H. Peckham, Edward E. Peckham and George Brown. The entertainment will be in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Webber.

Mrs. Philip Caswell will entertain the Col. William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., at her home on Saturday afternoon.

News has been received of the death in Hope Valley of Mrs. Chester A. Sherman, who was formerly Miss Lulu Kenyon. Mrs. Sherman was ill only a short time, and was taken to a hospital in Providence, where she died. She is survived by her husband, who is a native of this town, being a son of the late William H. Sherman, and two small children.

The turkey supper which was planned by St. Columba's Guild for January 31, has been postponed, owing to the illness of the president of the society, Mrs. Nathan G. Smith, and several of the members.

At the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Ayrshire Club held recently in Providence. Mr. W. Gardner Peckham of this town was elected a member of the board of directors and later was elected by the directors as vice president of the Association.

Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman was re-elected to the presidency of the Patrons Fire Relief Association, at the annual meeting recently. Mr. Sherman has served 23 years in this capacity. Mr. Joseph A. Peckham was re-elected as vice president and director.

The Paradise Reading Club met on Wednesday with the vice president, Mrs. Clifton B. Ward. Mrs. Harry E. Peckham was in charge of the program entitled "Little Known Poets."

### PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

#### Helping Hand Society

The Helping Hand Society held its annual meeting on Tuesday at the Methodist Episcopal Parsonage, which was very well attended. A roast dinner was served by the committee after which reports of the secretary and treasurer were read. The following officers were elected:—  
Honorary President—Mrs. Edward Lyons.  
President—Mrs. Albert E. Sherman.  
1st Vice President—Mrs. Charles B. Ashley.  
2nd Vice President—Mrs. Wm. F. Brayton.  
3rd Vice President—Mrs. Joseph H. Cross.  
Secretary—Mrs. Ernest C. Cross.  
Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Robert Chappelle.  
Treasurer—Mrs. Sidney T. Hedley.  
Assistant Treasurer—Mrs. Joseph H. Cross.

Feast Committee, Mrs. Gordon McDonald, chairman. Apron Committee, Mrs. Charles B. Ashley, chairman. Fancy Work, Mrs. Albert E. Sherman, chairman. Entertainment Committee, Mrs. Gordon McDonald, chairman. Flower Committee, Mrs. Joseph H. Cross. Decorating Committee, Miss Edna M. Brophy. These chairmen will each be ably assisted by four other ladies. The Visiting Committee is Mrs. Joseph Cross, Mrs. Everett Cornell, Mrs. William Brayton, Mrs. Robert Doane.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lyons of Assonet, Mass., were present at the election of officers. Mrs. Lyons having organized the Society nine years ago.

Mr. Augustus L. Wilbur has gone to South Carolina on a gunning trip. He will be guest of Mr. Powell, who was a former resident of this town, being at one time owner of Sandy Point Farm.

Portsmouth Grange gave a whist at Fair Hall on Tuesday evening, which was well attended. Mrs. Harry Grinnell won the women's first prize, a week-end case; Miss Josephine Rose the second prize, two dollsies, and Mrs. John Garforth won consolation. Mrs. Arthur Sherman, who played a man's part, won the men's first prize, a pair of cuff buttons; Mr. Alfred Mott, second, Colgate products; and Manuel Vargas the consolation. Refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, fancy cookies, brambles and coffee, were served by the committee.

Forster E. Chase, little son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Woodman Chase, who had been ill, is somewhat improved.

The regular meeting of the Sewing Circle of Sarah Rebekah Lodge met on Wednesday for an all day meeting at the home of the Noble Grand, Mrs. Sarah A. Handy. Much work was accomplished.

Mr. Jethro H. Peckham, who has been confined to his home with tonsillitis, is now able to be out.

A young deer was killed last Saturday afternoon on the farm of the late Reston P. Manchester. Two deer were crossing the field and the larger one jumped a high wire fence, but the smaller one apparently misjudged the height, and struck his head, breaking his neck. A man entered the field at that time and it is thought that the deer saw the man and misjudged the distance to be jumped. Game Warden Charles Harrington was notified, but the deer died before he arrived.

The Men's Community Club of St. Mary's parish entertained the Men's Community Club of Holy Cross on Wednesday evening at St. Mary's Rectory. Messrs. Julian N. Johnson and C. Woodman Chase were in charge of the meeting. Rolls, hot dogs and coffee were served.

Mrs. Josephine Brown and her son, Mr. Clarence Brown, have sold their cottage on Quaker Hill to Mr. Antonio Fontaine.

The Fourth Quarterly Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held recently with District Superintendent Rev. Ira W. LeBaron in charge. The pastor, Rev. George DeLano, was given a unanimous invitation to return for another year.

Rev. John F. Lowden, a former pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church here, died suddenly at his home in Chilmark, Mass., where he was pastor. Mrs. Lowden has been critically ill for four months. A short funeral service was held here on Monday at his former church. The services were conducted by Rev. Geo. DeLano, the pastor, assisted by Rev. R. L. Roberts, Superintendent of the New Bedford District. Services were held in Chilmark on Sunday, when six of his fellow-pastors took part. The interment was in the Portsmouth cemetery. Rev. Mr. Lowden is survived by a widow, a son, Mr. Walter Lowden of this town, and a daughter, Mrs. Charles Howell of Tiverton. He had been in the Methodist ministry for 40 years. This was his third year at Chilmark and he had recently received a unanimous invitation to return for another year.



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## SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Francis Ledsam defends Oliver Hilditch, a powerful business man, in a murder case and succeeds in getting him off, only to be told by a young, prepossessing woman, who says that she is Oliver Hilditch's wife, that Ledsam has turned loose a dangerous man to resume his prey upon society.

CHAPTER II—Ledsam, dining with his best friend, Andrew Wilmore, meets Hilditch and his wife and is invited to dine with them at their home.

CHAPTER III—At dinner with the Hilditches, Oliver shows Ledsam how he killed his victim and says his own death the same way would make his wife supremely happy. Returning home, Ledsam receives a phone call from Margaret, saying Oliver has been murdered.

## CHAPTER IV

For a few months Ledsam disappeared from his usual haunts, his clerk, acting under his instructions, turning down four fine cases offered him. At last he returned with Wilmore and, at dinner the first night of their return, Andrew plunged boldly into the forbidden subject.

They had consumed an excellent dinner. An empty champagne bottle had just been removed, double liqueur brandies had taken its place. Francis, with an air of complete and even exuberant immunity, had lit a huge cigar. The moment seemed propitious.

"Francis," his friend began, "they say at the club that you refused to be briefed in the Chippenham affair."

"Quite true," was the calm reply. "I told Griggs that I wouldn't have anything to do with it."

Wilmore knew then that all was well. Francis' old air of strength and decision had returned. His voice was firm, his eyes were clear and bright. His manner seemed even to invite questioning.

"I think I know why," Wilmore said, who received her husband back again, knowing what he was and what he was capable of, is inexplicable to me. The woman herself is a mystery. I do not know what lies behind her extraordinary immobility. Feeling she must have, and courage, or else would never have dared to have ridden her half of the scourge of her life. But beyond that my judgment tells me nothing. I only know that sooner or later I shall seek her out. I shall discover all that I want to know, one way or the other. It may be for luncheon—it may be the end of the things that count."

"I guessed this," Wilmore admitted, with a little shiver which he was wholly unable to repress.

Francis nodded.

"Then keep it to yourself, my dear fellow," he begged, "like everything else I am telling you tonight. I have come out of my experience changed in many ways," he continued, "but, leaving out that one secret chapter, this is the dominant factor which looms up before me. I bring into life a new aversion, almost a passion, Andrew, born in a tea-shop in the city, and ministered to by all that has happened since. I have lost that sort of indifference which my profession engenders toward crime. I am at war with the criminal, sometimes, I hope, in the courts of justice, but forever out of them. I am no longer indifferent as to whether men do good or evil so long as they do not cross my path. I am a hunter of sin. I am out to destroy. There's a touch of melodrama in this for you, Andrew," he concluded, with a little laugh, "but, my God, I'm in earnest!"

"What does this mean so far as regards the routine of your daily life?" Wilmore asked curiously.

"Well, it brings us to the point we discussed down at Brancaster," Francis replied. "It will affect my work to this extent. I shall not accept any brief unless, after reading the evidence, I feel convinced that the accused is innocent."

"That's all very well," Wilmore observed, "but you know what it will mean, don't you? Lawyers aren't likely to single you out for a brief without ever feeling sure whether you will accept it or not."

"That doesn't worry me," Francis declared. "I don't need the fees, fortunately, and I can always pick up enough work to keep me going by attending sessions. One thing I can promise you—I certainly shall not sit in my rooms and wait for things to happen. Mine is a militant spirit and it needs the outlet of action."

"Action, yes, but how?" Wilmore queried. "You can't be always hanging about the courts, waiting for the chance of defending some poor devil who's been wrongfully accused—there aren't enough of them, for one thing. On the other hand, you can't walk down Beagat street, brandishing a two-edged sword and hunting for pick-pockets."

Francis smiled.

"Nothing so flamboyant. I can as-

sure you, Andrew," he replied, "nor shall I play the amateur detective with his mouth open for mysteries. But listen," he went on earnestly. "I've had some experience, as you know, and, notwithstanding the Oliver Hilditches of the world, I can generally tell a criminal when I meet him face to face. There are plenty of them about, too, Andrew—as many in this place as any other. I am not going to be content with a negative position as



"I Am Going to Set My Heel on As Many of the Human Vermin of This City As I Can Find."

regards evil-doers. I am going to set my heel on as many of the human vermin of this city as I can find."

"A laudable, a most exhilarating and delightful pursuit! 'human vermin,' too, is excellent. It opens up a new and fascinating vista for the modern sportsman. My congratulations!"

It was an interruption of peculiar and wonderful significance, but Francis did not for the moment appreciate the fact. Turning his head, he simply saw a complete stranger seated unaccountably at the next table, who had butted into a private conversation and whose tone of gentle sarcasm, therefore, was the more offensive.

"Who the devil are you, sir," he demanded, "and where did you come from?"

The newcomer showed no resentment at Francis' little outburst. He simply smiled with deprecating amiability—a tall, spare man, with lean, hard face, complexion almost unnaturally white; black hair, plentifully bespangled with gray; a thin, cynical mouth, notwithstanding its distinctly humorous curve, and keen, almost brilliant dark eyes. He was dressed in ordinary dinner garb; his linen and jewelry was limited in the best possible taste. Francis, at his second glance, was troubled with a vague sense of familiarity.

"Let me answer your last question first, sir," the intruder begged. "I was seated alone, several tables away, when the couple next to you went out, and having had pointed out to me the other evening at Claridge's hotel, and knowing well by repute, the great barister, Mr. Francis Ledsam, and his friend, the world-famed novelist, Mr. Andrew Wilmore, I—er—unobtrusively made my way, half a yard at a time, in your direction—and here am. I came stealthily, you may object? Without a doubt. If I had come in any other fashion, I should have disturbed a conversation in which I was much interested."

"Could you find it convenient," Francis asked, with icy politeness, "to return to your own table, stealthily or not, as you choose?"

The newcomer showed no signs of moving.

"In after years," he declared, "you would be the first to regret the fact I did so. This is a momentous meeting. It gives me an opportunity of expressing my deep gratitude to you, Mr. Ledsam, for the wonderful evidence you tendered at the inquest upon the body of my son-in-law, Oliver Hilditch."

Francis turned in his place and looked steadily at this unsought-for companion, learning nothing, however, from the half-mocking smile and imperious expression.

"Your son-in-law?" he repeated. "Do you mean to say that you are the father of—of Oliver Hilditch's wife?"

"Widow," the other corrected gently. "I have that honor. You will understand, therefore, that I feel myself on this, the first opportunity, compelled to tender my sincere thanks for evidence so chivalrously offered, so flawlessly truthful."

Francis was a man accustomed to self-control, but he clenched his hands so that his finger nails dug into his flesh. He was filled with an insane

and unreasoning resentment against this man whose words were biting into his conscience. Nevertheless, he kept his tone level.

"I do not desire your gratitude," he said, "nor, if you will permit me to say so, your further acquaintance."

The stranger shook his head regretfully.

"You are wrong," he protested. "We were bound, in any case, to know one another. Shall I tell you why? You have just declared yourself anxious to set your heel upon the criminals of the world. I have the distinction of being perhaps the most famous patron of that malignant class now living—and my neck is at your service."

"You appear to me," Francis said, "to be a buffoon."

It might have been fancy, but Francis could have sworn that he saw the glint of a sovereign malevolence in the other's dark eyes. If so, it was but a passing weakness, for a moment later the half good-natured, half cynical smile was back again upon the man's lips.

"If so, I am at least a buffoon of parts," was the prompt rejoinder. "I will, if you choose, prove myself."

There was a moment's silence. Wilmore was leaning forward in his place, studying the newcomer earnestly. An impatient inquest was somehow stifled on Francis' lips.

"Within a few yards of this place, some nine before the closing hour tonight," the intruder continued, earnestly, yet with a curious absence of any human quality in his hard tone, "there will be a disturbance, and probably what you would call a crime will be committed. Will you use your vaunted gifts to hunt down the desperate criminal and, in your own picturesque phraseology, set your heel upon his neck? Success may bring you fame and the trail may lead—well, who knows where?"

Afterwards, both Francis and Andrew Wilmore marveled at themselves, unable at any time to find any reasonable explanation of their conduct, for they answered this man neither with ridicule, rudeness nor civility. They simply stared at him, impressed with the convincing arrogance of his challenge and unable to find words of reply. They received his mocking farewell without any form of reciprocation or sign of resentment. They watched him leave the room, a dignified, distinguished figure, sped on his way with marks of the deepest respect by waiters, matrons d'hotel, and even the manager himself. They beheld, indeed, as they both admitted afterwards, like a couple of unstruck idiots, when he had finally disappeared, however, they looked at one another and the spell was broken.

"Well, I'm a—d!" Francis exclaimed. "Soto, come here at once."

The manager hastened smilingly to their table.

"Soto," Francis invoked, "tell us quickly—tell us the name of the gentleman who has just gone out, and who he is?"

Soto was amazed. "You don't know Sir Timothy Brast, sir?" he exclaimed. "Why, he is supposed to be one of the richest men in the world! He spends money like water. They say that when he is in England his place down the river alone costs a thousand pounds a week. When he gives a party here, we can find nothing good enough. He is our most generous client."

"Sir Timothy Brast," Wilmore repeated. "Yes, I have heard of him."

"Why, everybody knows Sir Timothy," Soto went on eloquently. "He is the greatest living patron of boxing. He found the money for the last international fight."

"Does he often come in alone like this?" Francis asked curiously.

"Either alone," Soto replied, "or with a very large party. He entertains magnificently."

"I've seen his name in the paper in connection with something or other, during the last few weeks," Wilmore remarked reflectively.

"Probably about two months ago, sir," Soto suggested. "He gave a donation of ten thousand pounds to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and they made him a vice president."

The manager hurried away to receive a newly arrived guest. Francis and his friend exchanged a wondering glance.

"Father of Oliver Hilditch's wife," Wilmore observed, "the most magnificent patron of boxing in the world, vice president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and self-confessed archcriminal! He fooled us pretty well!"

"I suppose so," Francis assented absently.

Wilmore glanced at his watch.

"What about moving on somewhere?" he suggested. "We might go into the Alhambra for half an hour, if you like. The last act of the show is the best."

Francis shook his head.

"We're got to see this thing out," he replied. "Have you forgotten that our friend promised us a sensation before we left?"

Wilmore began to laugh a little derisively. Then, suddenly aware of some lack of sympathy between himself and his friend, he broke off and glanced curiously at the latter.

"You're not taking him seriously, are you?" he inquired.

Francis nodded.

"Certainly I am," he confessed.

## CHAPTER V

It happened that the two men, waiting in the vestibule for Francis' car to crawl up to the entrance through the fog which had unexpectedly rolled up, heard the slight altercation which was afterward referred to as preceding the tragedy. The two young people concerned were standing only a few feet

away, the girl pretty, a little peevish, an ordinary type; her companion, whose boyish features were marred with disputation, a very possible example of the young man about town going a little beyond his tether.

"It's no good standing here, Victor!" the girl exclaimed, frowning. "The commissionaire's been gone ages already, and there are two others before us for taxis."

"We can't walk," her escort replied gloomily. "It's a foul night. Nothing to do but wait, what? Let's go back and have another drink."

The girl stamped her satin-shod foot impatiently.

"Don't be silly," she expostulated. "You know I promised Clara we'd be there early."

"All very well," the young man growled, "but what can we do? We shall have to wait our turn."

"Why can't you slip out and look for a taxi yourself?" she suggested. "Do, Victor," she added, squeezing his arm. "You're so clever at picking them up."

He made a little grimace, but lit a cigarette and turned up his coat collar.

"I'll do my best," he promised.

"Don't go on without me."

"Try up toward Charing Cross road, not the other way," she advised earnestly.

"Right-o!" he replied, which illuminative form of assent, a word spoken as he plunged unwillingly into



At That Moment She Met the Steady, Questioning Scrutiny of Francis' Eyes.

the thick obscurity on the other side of the revolving doors, was probably the last he ever uttered on earth.

Left alone, the girl began to shiver, as though suddenly cold. She turned around and glanced hurriedly back into the restaurant. At that moment she met the steady, questioning scrutiny of Francis' eyes. She stood as though transfixed. Then came the sound which every one talked of for months afterward, the sound which no one who heard it ever forgot—the death cry of Victor Hilditch, followed a second afterward by a muffled report. A strain of frenzied surprise seemed mingled with the horror. Afterward, silence.

There was the sound of some commotion outside, the sound of hurried footsteps and rattling voices. Then a terrible little procession appeared. Something—it seemed to be a shapeless heap of clothes—was carried in and laid upon the floor, in the little space between the revolving doors and the inner entrance. Two blue-liveried attendants kept back the horrified but curious crowd. Francis, vaguely recognized as being somehow or other connected with the law, was one of the few people allowed to remain whilst a doctor, fetched out from the dancing room, knelt over the prostrate form. He felt that he knew beforehand the horrible verdict which the latter whispered in his ear after his brief examination.

"Quite dead! A ghastly business!" Francis gazed at the hole in the shirt front, disfigured also by a scorching stain.

"A bullet?" he asked.

The doctor nodded.

"First within a foot of the poor fellow's heart," he whispered. "The murderer wasn't taking any chances, whatever he was."

The doctor rose to his feet.

"Nothing more can be done," he pronounced. "Keep the people out of here whilst I go and fetch my hat and coat. Afterward, I'll take the body to the mortuary when the ambulance arrives."

An attendant pushed his way through the crowd of people on the inner side of the door.

"Miss Daisy Hyslop, young lady who was with Mr. Hilditch, has just fainted in the ladies' room, sir," he announced. "Could you come?"

"I'll be there immediately," the doctor promised.

The rest of the proceedings followed a normal course. The police arrived, took various notes, the ambulance followed a little later, the body was removed, and the little crowd of guests, still infected with a sort of awed excitement, were allowed to take their leave. Francis and Wilmore drove almost in silence to the former's rooms in Clarges street.

"Come up and have a drink, Andrew," Francis invited.

"I need it," was the half-choked response.

Francis led the way in silence up the two flights of stairs into his sitting

room, mixed whisky-and-sodas from the decanter and siphon which stood upon the sideboard, and motioned his friend to an easy-chair. Then he gave form to the thought which had been haunting them both.

"What about our friend, Sir Timothy Brast?" he inquired. "Do you believe now that he was mystifying us?"

Wilmore dabbed his forehead with his handkerchief. It was a chilly evening, but there were drops of perspiration still standing there.

"Francis," he confessed, "it's horrible! I don't think realism like this attracts me. It's horrible! What are we going to do?"

"Nothing for the present," was the brief reply. "If we were to tell our story, we should only be laughed at. What there is to be done falls to my lot."

"Had the police anything to say about it?" Wilmore asked.

"Only a few words," Francis replied. "Shopland has it in hand. A good man but unimaginative. I've come across him in one or two cases lately. You'll find a little bit like this in the papers tomorrow: 'The murder is believed to have been committed by one of the gang of desperadoes who have infested the west-end during the last few months.' You remember the assault at Albany court yard, and the sandbagging in Shepherd market only last week?"

"That seems to let Sir Timothy out," Wilmore remarked.

"There are many motives for crime besides robbery," Francis declared. "Don't be afraid, Andrew; that I am going to turn amateur detective and make the unravelment of this case all the more difficult for Scotland Yard. If I interfere, it will be on a certainty. Andrew, don't think I'm mad, but I've taken up the challenge our great philanthropist flung at me tonight. I've very little interest in who killed this boy, Victor Hilditch, or why, but I'm convinced of one thing—Blasé know about it, and if he is posing as a patron of crime on a great scale, sooner or later I shall get him. He may think himself safe, and he may have the courage of Hector—he seems rather that type—but if my presentment about him comes true, his number's up. I can almost divine the meaning of his breaking in upon our conversation tonight. He needs an enemy—he is thirsting for danger. He has found it!"

Wilmore filled his pipe thoughtfully. At the first whiff of tobacco he began to feel more normal.

"After all, Francis," he said, "aren't we a little overstrung tonight? Sir Timothy Brast is no adventurer. He is a prince in the city, a persona grata wherever he chooses to go. He isn't a hanger-on in society. He isn't even dependent upon Bohemia for his entertainment. You can't seriously imagine that a man with his possessions is likely to risk his life and liberty in becoming the inspiration of a band of cutthroats?"

Francis smiled. He, too, had lit his pipe and had thrown himself into his favorite chair. He smiled confidently across at his friend.

"A millionaire with brains," he argued, "is just the one person in the world likely to weary of all ordinary forms of diversion. I begin to remember things about him already. Haven't you heard about his wonderful parties down at the Walled House?"

Wilmore struck the table by his side with his clenched fist.

"By George, that's it!" he exclaimed. "Who hasn't?"

"I remember Baker talking about one last year," Francis continued, "never any details, but all kinds of mysterious hints—a sort of mixture between a Roman orgy and a chapter from the Arabian Nights—singers from Petrograd, dancers from Africa and fighting men from Chicago."

"The fellow's magnificent, at any rate," Wilmore remarked.

His host smoked furiously for a moment.

"That's the worst of these multi-millionaires," he declared. "They think they can rule the world, traffic in human souls, buy morals, mock at the law. We shall see!"

"Do you know the thing that I found most interesting about him?" Wilmore asked.

"His black ops," the other suggested. "You're by the way of being a collector, aren't you?"

Wilmore shook his head.

"The fact that he is the father of Oliver Hilditch's widow."

Francis sat quite still for a moment. There was a complete change in his expression. He looked like a man who has received a shock.

"I forgot that," he muttered.

Francis met Shopland one morning about a week later, on his way from Clarges street to his chambers in the Temple. The detective raised his hat and would have passed on, but Francis accosted him.

"Any progress, Mr. Shopland?" he inquired.

The detective fingered his small, sandy mustache. He was an insignificant-looking little man, undersized, with this frame and watery eyes. His mouth, however, was hard, and there were tell-tale little lines at its corners.

"None whatever, I am sorry to say, Mr. Ledsam," he admitted. "At present we are quite in the dark."

"You found the weapon, I hear?" Shopland nodded.

"It was just an ordinary service revolver, dating from the time of the war, exactly like a hundred thousand others. The inquiries we were able to make from it came to nothing."

"Where was it picked up?"

"In the middle of the waste plot of ground next to Soto's. The murderer evidently threw it there the moment he had discharged it. He must have been wearing rubber-soled shoes, for not a

soul heard his go."

Francis nodded thoughtfully. "I wonder," he said, after a slight pause, "whether it ever occurred to you to interview Miss Daisy Hyslop, the young lady who was with Hilditch on the night of his murder?"

"I called upon her the day-afterward," he detective answered.

"She had nothing to say."

"Nothing whatever."

"Indirectly, of course," Francis continued, "the poor girl was the cause of his death. If she had not insisted upon his going out for a taxi, the man who was loitering about would probably have never got hold of him."

The detective glanced up furtively at the speaker. He seemed to reflect for a moment.

"I gathered," he said, "in conversation with the commissionaire, that Miss Hyslop was a little impatient that night. It seems, however, that she was anxious to get to a ball which was being given down in Kensington."

"There was a ball, was there?" Francis asked.

"Without a doubt," the detective replied. "It was given by a Miss Clara Bullwell. She happens to remember urging Miss Hyslop to come on as early as possible."

They were walking along the Mall now, eastward. The detective, who seemed to have been just a saunterer, had accommodated himself to Francis' destination.

"Let me see, there was nothing stolen from the young man's person, was there?" Francis asked presently.

"Apparently nothing at all, sir."

"And I gather that you have made every possible inquiry as to the young man's relations with his friends?"

"So far as one can learn, sir, they seem to have been perfectly amicable."

"Of course," Francis remarked presently, "this may have been quite a purposeful affair. The deed may have been committed by a man who was precisely a lunatic, without any motive or reason whatever."

"Precisely so, sir," the detective agreed.

"But, all the same, I don't think it was."

Francis smiled slightly.

"Shopland," he said, "if there is no further external evidence to be collected, I suggest that there is only one person likely to prove of assistance."

"And that one person, sir?"

"Miss Daisy Hyslop."

"The young lady whom I have already seen?"

Francis nodded.

"The young lady whom you have already seen," he assented. "At the same time, Mr. Shopland, we must remember this. If Miss Hyslop has any knowledge of the facts which are behind Mr. Hilditch's murder, it is more likely to be to her interest to keep them to herself, than to give them away to the police free gratis and for nothing. Do you follow me?"

"Precisely, sir."

"That being so," Francis continued, "I am going to make a proposition to you for what it is worth. Where were you going when I met you this morning, Shopland?"

"To call upon you in Clarges street, sir."

"What for?"

"I was going to ask you if you would be so kind as to call upon Miss Daisy Hyslop, sir."

Francis smiled.

"Great minds," he murmured. "I will see the young lady this afternoon, Shopland."

The detective raised his hat. They had reached the spot where his companion turned off by the Horse Guards Parade.

"I may hope to hear from you, then, sir?"

"Within the course of a day or two, perhaps earlier," Francis promised.

## CHAPTER VI

Armed with a powerful letter of introduction, Francis called on Miss Daisy Hyslop, who received him that afternoon in the sitting room of her little suite at the Milan. Her welcoming smile was plaintive and a little subdued, her manner undeniably gracious. She was dressed in black, a wonderful background for her really gorgeous hair, and her deportment indicated a recent loss.

She avoided his direct questioning for a time, but his cheque book finally loosened her tongue.

"I am afraid you will think that what I have to tell is very insignificant," she confessed. "Victor was one of those boys who always fancied themselves bored. He was bored with polo, bored with motoring, bored with the country and bored with town. Then quite suddenly during the last few weeks he seemed changed. All that he would tell me was that he had found a new interest in life. I don't know what it was but I don't think it was a nice one. He seemed to drop all his old friends, too, and go about with a new set altogether—not a nice set at all. He used to stay out all night, and he quite gave up going to dances and places where he could take me. Once or twice he came here in the afternoon, dead beat, without having been to bed at all, and before he could say half a dozen words he was asleep in my easy-chair. He used to mutter such horrible things that I had to wake him up."

"Was he ever short of money?" Francis asked.



## THE EVIL SHEPHERD

(Continued from Page 3)

happened—he came in to see me, looking like nothing on earth. He cried like a baby, behaved like a lunatic, and called himself all manner of names. He had had a great deal too much to drink, and I gathered that he had seen something horrible. It was then he asked me to dine with him the next night, and told me that he was going to break altogether with his new friends. Something in connection with them seemed to have given him a terrible fright."

Francis nodded. He had the tact to abandon his curiosity at this precise point.

"The old story," he declared, "bad company and rotten habits. I suppose some one got to know that the young man usually carried a great deal of money about with him."

"It was so foolish of him," she assented eagerly. "I warned him about it so often. The police won't listen to it but I am absolutely certain that he was robbed. I noticed when he paid the bill that he had a great deal of banknotes which were never discovered afterward."

And with that information Francis had to be satisfied when he took his leave.

### CHAPTER VII

It was after leaving Miss Daisy Hyslop's flat that the event to which Francis Ledsam had been looking forward more than anything else in the world, happened. It came about entirely by chance. There were no taxis in the Strand. Francis himself had finished work for the day, and feeling disinclined for his usual rubber of bridge, he strolled homeward along the Mall. At the corner of Green park he came face to face with the woman who for the last few months had scarcely been out of his thoughts. Even in that first moment he realized to his pain that she would have avoided him if she could. They met, however, where the path narrowed, and he left her no chance to avoid him. That curious impulse of conventionality which opens a conversation always with cut and dried banalities, saved them perhaps from a certain amount of embarrassment. Without any conscious suggestion, they found themselves walking side by side.

"I have been wanting to see you very much indeed," he said. "I even went so far as to wonder whether I dared call."

"Why should you?" she asked. "Our acquaintance began and ended in tragedy. There is scarcely any purpose in carrying it further."

He looked at her for a moment before replying. She was wearing black, but scarcely the black of a woman who sorrows. She was still frightfully beautiful, redolent in all the details of her toilette, of that almost negative perfection which he had learned to expect from her. She suggested to him still that same sense of aloofness from the actualities of life.

"I prefer not to believe that it is ended," he protested. "Have you so many friends that you have no room for one who has never consciously done you any harm?"

She looked at him with some faint curiosity in her immobile features.

"Harm? No! On the contrary, I suppose I ought to thank you for your evidence at the inquest."

"Some part of it was the truth," he replied.

"I suppose so," she admitted dryly. "You told it very cleverly."

He looked her in the eyes.

"My profession helped me to be a good witness," he said. "As for the gist of my evidence, that was between my conscience and myself."

"Your conscience?" she repeated. "Are there really men who possess such things?"

"I hope you will discover that for yourself some day," he answered. "Tell me your plans. Where are you living?"

"For the present with my father in Curzon street."

"With Sir Timothy Brast?"

She assented.

"You know him?" she asked indifferently.

"Very slightly," Francis replied. "We talked together, some nights ago, at Soto's restaurant. I am afraid that I did not make a very favorable impression upon him. I gathered, too, that he has somewhat eccentric tastes."

"I do not see a great deal of my father," she said. "We met, a few months ago, for the first time since my marriage, and things have been a little difficult between us—just at first. He really scarcely ever puts in an appearance at Curzon street. I dare say you have heard that he makes a hobby of an amazing country house which he has down the river."

"The Walled House?" he ventured.

She nodded.

"I see you have heard of it. All London, they tell me, gossip about the entertainments there."

"Are they really so wonderful?" he asked.

"I have never been to one," she replied. "As a matter of fact, I have spent scarcely any time in England since my marriage. My husband was fond of traveling."

Notwithstanding the warm spring

air he was conscious of a certain chilliness. Her level, indifferent tone seemed to him almost abnormally callous. A horrible realization flashed for a moment in his brain. She was speaking of the man whom she had killed!

"Your father overheard a remark of mine," Francis told her. "I was at Soto's with a friend—Andrew Willmore, the novelist—and to tell you the truth we were speaking of the shock I experienced when I realized that I had been devoting every effort of which I was capable to saving the life of—shall we say a criminal? Your father heard me say, in rather a flamboyant manner, perhaps, that in future I declared war against all crime and all criminals."

She smiled very faintly, a smile which had in it no single element of joy or humor.

"I can quite understand my father intervening," she said. "He poses us being rather a patron of artistically-perpetrated crime. Sue is his favorite author, and I believe that he has exceedingly grim ideas as to duelling and fighting generally. He was in prison once for six months at New Orleans for killing a man who insulted my mother. Nothing in the world would ever have convinced him that he had not done a perfectly legitimate thing."

"I am expecting to find him quite an interesting study, when I know him better," Francis pronounced. "My only fear is that he will count me an unfriendly person and refuse to have anything to do with me."

"I am not at all sure," she said indifferently, "that it would not be very much better for you if he did."

"I cannot admit that," he answered, smiling. "I think that our paths in life are too far apart for either of us to influence the other. You don't share his tastes, do you?"

"Which ones?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"Well, boxing for one," he replied. "They tell me that he is the greatest living patron of the ring, both here and in America."

"I have never been to a fight in my life," she confessed. "I hope that I never may."

"I can't go so far as that," he declared, "but boxing isn't altogether one of my hobbies. Can't we leave your father and his tastes alone for the present? I would rather talk about—ourselves. Tell me what you care about most in life?"

"Nothing," she answered listlessly.

"But that is only a phase," he persisted. "You have had terrible trials, I know, and they must have affected your outlook on life, but you are still young, and while one is young life is always worth having."

"I thought so once," she assented. "I don't now."

"But there must be—there will be compensations," he assured her. "I know that just now you are suffering from the reaction—after all you have gone through. The memory of that will pass."

"The memory of what I have gone through will never pass," she answered.

There was a moment's intense silence, a silence pregnant with remnant drama.

"Please look at me," he begged, a little abruptly.

She turned her head in some surprise. Francis was almost handsome in the clear spring sunlight, his face alight with imagination, his deep-set gray eyes full of amused yet anxious solicitude. Even as she appreciated these things and became dimly conscious of his eager interest, her perturbation seemed to grow.

"Well?" she ventured.

"Do I look like a person who knew what he was talking about?" he asked.

"On the whole, I should say that you did," she admitted.

"Very well, then," he went on cheerfully, "believe me when I say that the shadow which depresses you all the time now will pass. I say this confidently," he added, his voice softening, "because I hope to be allowed to help. Haven't you guessed that I am very glad indeed to see you again?"

They had passed through Lansdowne passage and were in the quiet end of Curzon street.

"But you must not talk to me like that!" she expostulated.

"Why not?" he demanded. "We have met under strange and untoward circumstances, but are you so very different from other women? Will you not accept my friendship?"

"It is impossible," she replied.

"May I be allowed to call on you?" he went on doggedly.

"I do not receive visitors," she answered.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I cannot accept my dismissal like this. I shall appeal to your father. However much he may dislike me, he has at least common sense."

She looked at him with a touch of the old horror in her coldly questioning eyes.

"In your way you have been kind to me," she admitted. "Let me in return give you a word of advice. Let me beg you to have nothing whatever to do with my father, in friendship or in enmity. Either might be equally disastrous. Either, in the long run, is likely to cost you dear."

"If that is your opinion of your father, why do you live with him?" he asked.

She had become entirely callous again. Her smile, with its mocking quality, reminded him for a moment of the man whom they were discussing.

"Because I am a luxury and comfort-loving parasite," she answered deliberately, "because my father gladly pays my accounts at Lucille and Worth and Reville, because I have



"In Your Way You Have Been Kind to Me," She Admitted.

never learned to do without things. And please remember this. My father, so far as I am concerned, has no faults. He is a generous and courteous companion. Nevertheless, No. 70 b, Curzon street is no place for people who desire to lead normal lives."

And with that she was gone. Her gesture of dismissal was so complete and final that he had no courage for further argument. He had lost her almost as soon as he had found her.

### CHAPTER VIII

Four men were discussing the verdict at the adjourned inquest upon Victor Biddle, at Soto's American bar about a fortnight later. They were Robert Fairfax, a young actor in musical comedy, Peter Jacks, a cinema producer, Gerald Morse, a dress designer, and Sidney Voss, a musical composer and librettist, all habitués of the place and members of the little circle toward which the dead man had seemed, during the last few weeks of his life, to have become attracted. At the table a short distance away, Francis Ledsam was seated with a cocktail and a dish of almonds before him. He seemed to be studying an evening paper and to be taking but the scantiest notice of the conversation at the bar.

"It just shows," Peter Jacks declared, "that crime is the easiest game in the world. Given a reasonable amount of intelligence, and a murderer's business is about as simple as a sandwichman's."

"The police," Gerald Morse, a pale-faced anemic-looking youth, declared, "rely upon two things, circumstantial evidence and motive. In the present case there is no circumstantial evidence, and as to motive, poor old Victor was too big a fool to have an enemy in the world."

Sidney Voss, who was up for the Sheridan club and had once been there, glanced respectfully across at Francis.

"You ought to know something about crime and criminals, Mr. Ledsam," he said. "Have you any theory about the affair?"

Francis set down the glass from which he had been drinking, and, folding up the evening paper, laid it by the side of him.

"As a matter of fact," he answered calmly, "I have."

The few words, simply spoken, yet in their way charged with menace, thrilled through the little room. Fairfax swung round upon his stool, a tall, aggressive-looking youth whose good looks were half eaten up with dissipation. His eyes were unnaturally bright, the cloudy remains in his glass indicated alcohol.

"Listen, you fellows!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Francis Ledsam, the great criminal barrister, is going to solve the mystery of poor old Victor's death for us!"

The three other young men all turned around from the bar. Their eyes and whole attention seemed riveted upon Francis. No one seemed to notice the newcomer who passed quietly to a chair in the background, although he was a person of some note and interest to all of them. Imperturbable and immaculate as ever, Sir Timothy Brast smiled amiably upon the little gathering, summoned a waiter and ordered a dry martini.

"I can scarcely promise to do that," Francis said slowly, his eyes resting for a second or two upon each of the four faces. "Exact solutions are a little out of my line. I think I can promise to give you a shock, though, if you're strong enough to stand it."

There was another of those curiously charged silences. The bartender paused with the cocktail-shaker still in his hand. Voss began to beat nervously upon the counter with his knuckles.

"We can stand anything but suspense," he declared. "Get on with your shock-giving."

"I believe that the person responsible for the death of Victor Biddle is in this room at the present moment," Francis declared.

Again the silence, curious, tense and dramatic. Little Jimmy, the bartender, who had leaned forward to listen, stood with his mouth slightly open and the cocktail-shaker which was in his hand leaking drops upon the counter. The first conscious impulse of everybody seemed to be to glance suspiciously around the room. The four young men at the bar, Jimmy and one waiter, Francis and Sir Timothy Brast,

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were its only occupants.

"I say, you know, that's a bit thick, isn't it?" Sidney Voss stammered at last. "I wasn't in the place at all. I was in Manchester, but it's a bit rough on these other chaps, Victor's pals."

"I was dining at the Cafe Royal," Jacks declared, loudly.

Morse drew a little breath.

"Every one knows that I was at Brighton," he muttered.

"I went home directly the bar here closed," Jimmy said, in a still dazed tone. "I heard nothing about it till the next morning."

"All this by the bushel," Fairfax laughed harshly. "As for me, I was doing my show—every one knows that. I was never in the place at all."

"The murder was not committed in the place," Francis commented calmly. Fairfax slid off his stool. A spot of color blazed in his pale cheeks, the glass which he was holding slipped in his fingers. He seemed suddenly possessed.

"I say, what the h—! are you getting at?" he cried. "Are you accusing me—or any of us—Victor's pals?"

"I accuse no one," Francis replied, unperturbed. "You invited a statement from me and I made it."

Sir Timothy Brast rose from his place and made his way to the end of the counter, next to Fairfax and nearest Francis. He addressed the former. There was an inscrutable smile upon his lips, his manner was reassuring.

"Young gentleman," he begged, "pray do not disturb yourself. I will answer for it that neither you nor any of your friends are the objects of Mr. Ledsam's suspicion. Without a doubt, it is I to whom his somewhat bold statement refers."

They all stared at him, immersed in another crisis, bereft of speech. He tapped a cigarette upon the counter and lit it. Fairfax, whose glass had just been refilled by the bartender, was still ghastly pale, shaking with nervousness and breathing hoarsely. Francis, tense and alert in his chair, watched the speaker, but said nothing.

"You see," Sir Timothy continued, addressing himself to the four young men at the bar. "I happen to have two special aversions in life. One is sweet champagne and the other amateur detectives—their stories, their methods and everything about them. I chanced to sit upstairs in the restaurant, within hearing of Mr. Ledsam and his friend Mr. Willmore, the novelist, the other night, and I heard Mr. Ledsam, very much to my chagrin, announce his intention of abandoning a career in which he has, if he will allow me to say so—with a considerable distinction, to indulge in the moth-eaten, flamboyant and melodramatic antics of the lesser Sherlock Holmes. I fear that I could not resist the opportunity of joking him about his new avocation."

Every one was listening intently, including Shopland, who had just drifted into the room and subsided into a chair near Francis.

"I moved my place, therefore," Sir Timothy continued, "and I whispered in Mr. Ledsam's ear some rodomontade to the effect that if he were planning to be the great crime-detector of the world, I was by ambition the archcriminal—or words to that effect. And to give emphasis to my words, I wound up by prophesying a crime in the immediate vicinity of the place within a few hours."

"A somewhat significant prophecy, under the circumstances," Francis remarked, reaching out for a dish of salted almonds and drawing them towards him.

Sir Timothy shrugged his shoulders.

"I will confess," he admitted, "that I had not in my mind an affair of such dimensions. My harmless remark, however, has produced curiously effects. The conversation to which I refer took place on the night of young Biddle's murder, and Mr. Ledsam, with my somewhat, I confess, bombastic words in his memory, has pitched upon me as the bloodthirsty murderer."

"Hold on for a moment, sir," Peter Jacks begged, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "We've got to have another drink quick. Poor old Bobby here looks knocked off of a heap, and I'm kind of jumpy myself. You'll join us, sir?"

"I thank you," was the courteous reply. "I do not as a rule indulge to the extent of more than one cocktail, but I will recognize the present as an exceptional case. To continue, then," he went on, after the glasses had been filled, "I have, during the last few weeks, experienced the ceaseless and lynch-eyed watch of Mr. Ledsam and presumably his myrmidons. I do not know whether you are all acquainted with my name, but in case you are not, let me introduce myself. I am Sir Timothy Brast, chairman, as I dare say you know, of the United Transvaal Gold Mines, chairman, also of two of the principal hospitals in London, vice president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a patron of sport in many forms, a traveler in many countries, and a recipient of the honor of knighthood from his majesty. In recognition of my services for various philanthropic works. These facts, however, have availed me nothing now that the bungling amateur investigator into crime has pointed the finger of suspicion towards me. My servants and neighbors have alike been plagued to death with cunning questions as to my life and habits. I have been watched in the streets and watched in my harmless amusements. My simple life has been peered into from every perspective and direction. In short, I am suspect. Mr. Ledsam's terrifying statement a few minutes ago was directed towards me and me only."

There were murmurs of sympathy from the four young men, who each in his own fashion appeared to derive consolation from Sir Timothy's frank and somewhat caustic statement. Francis, who had listened unmoved to this flow of words, glanced towards the door behind which dark figures seemed to be looming.

"That is all you have to say, Sir Timothy?" he asked politely.

"For the present, yes," was the guarded reply. "I trust that I have succeeded in setting these young gentlemen's minds at ease."

"There is one of them," Francis said gravely, "whose mind not even your soothing words could lighten."

Shopland had risen unobtrusively to his feet. He laid his hand suddenly on Fairfax's shoulder and whispered in his ear. Fairfax, after his first start, seemed cool enough. He stretched out his hand towards the glass which as yet he had not touched, covered it with his fingers for a moment and drained its contents. The gently sarcastic smile left Sir Timothy's lips. Sir eyebrows met in a quick frown, his eyes glittered.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded sharply.

A policeman in plain clothes had advanced from the door. The manager hovered in the background. Shopland saw that all was well.

"It means," he announced, "that I have just arrested Mr. Robert Fairfax here on a charge of willful murder. There is a way out through the kitchen. Take his other arm, Holmes. Now, gentlemen, if you please."

## Special Bargains

FALL AND WINTER WOOLENS

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 50 per cent less than our regular prices. These are in order to make room for new Spring and Summer styles, which we receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.



"I Trust That I Have Succeeded in Setting These Young Gentlemen's Minds at Ease."

There were a few bewildered exclamations—then a dramatic hush. Fairfax had fallen forward on his stool. He seemed to have relapsed into a comatose state. Every scrap of color was drained from his sallow cheeks, his eyes were covered with a film and he was breathing heavily. The detective snatched up the glass from which the young man had been drinking, and smelt it.

"I saw him drop a tablet in just now," Jimmy faltered. "I thought it was one of the digestion pills he uses sometimes."

Shopland and the policeman placed their hands underneath the armpits of the unconscious man.

"He's done, sir," the former whispered to Francis. "We'll try and get him to the station if we can."

The greatest tragedies in the world, provided they happen to other people, have singularly little effect upon the externals of our own lives. There was certainly not a soul in Soto's that night who did not know that Bobby Fairfax had been arrested in the bar below for the murder of Victor Biddle, had taken poison and died on the way to the police station. Yet the same number of dinners were ordered and eaten, the same quantity of wine drunk. The management considered that they had shown marvelous delicacy of feeling by restraining the orchestra from their usual musical gymnastics until after the service of dinner. Conversation, in consequence, buzzed louder than ever. One speculation in particular absorbed the attention of every single person in the room—why had Bobby Fairfax, at the zenith of a very successful career, risked the gallows and actually accepted death for the sake of killing Victor Biddle, a young man with whom, so far as anybody knew, he had no cause of quarrel whatever?

There were many theories, many people who knew the real facts and whispered them into a neighbor's ear, only to have them contradicted a few moments later. Yet, curiously enough, the two men who knew most about it were the two most silent men in the room, for each was dining alone.

Francis, who had remained only in the hope that something of the sort might happen, was conscious of a queer sense of excitement when, with the service of coffee, Sir Timothy, glass in hand, moved up from a table lower down and with a word of apology took the vacant place by his side. It was what he had desired, and yet he felt a thrill almost of fear at Sir Timothy's murmured words. He felt that he was in the company of one who, if not an enemy, at any rate had no friendly feeling towards him.

"My congratulations, Mr. Ledsam," Sir Timothy said quietly. "You appear to have started your career with a success."

"Only a partial one," Francis acknowledged, "and as a matter of fact I deny that I have started in any new career. It was easy enough to make use of a fluke and direct the intelligence of others towards the right person, but when the real significance of the thing still eludes you, one can scarcely claim a triumph."

Sir Timothy gently knocked the ash from the very fine cigar which he was smoking.

"Still, your groundwork was good," he observed.

Francis shrugged his shoulders. "That," he admitted, "was due to chance."

"Shall we exchange notes?" Sir Timothy suggested gently. "It might be interesting."

"As you will," Francis assented. "There is no particular secret in the way I stumbled upon the truth. I was dining here that night, as you know,

Continued on page 6

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

Established 1784  
**The Mercury.**  
Newport, R. I.  
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.  
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Home Telephone 114

Saturday, February 2, 1924

Tomorrow, Sunday, the days will have lengthened just one hour. The sun will rise at 7 o'clock and set at 5, the days will be ten hours long. There will be a new moon next Monday.

A thousand able-bodied men in Geauga County, O., the other day held a great fox hunt in which they covered 60 square miles and captured one fox, which died from exhaustion. They call that sport.

Congress has been in session for two months and the Rhode Island General Assembly one month. Both bodies have transacted about the same amount of business, which being measured could be covered by the zero mark.

The Literary Digest is making a poll of all the voters of the country on the question, "Do you favor the Mellon plan for tax reduction?" The answers thus far received are 87,338 "yes" and 10,807 "no." Rhode Island gives 54 "yes" and 8 "no." Every state in the Union gives a majority for the Mellon plan.

Fuel Commissioner Webb of Providence has written to all the coal dealers in the state requesting them to reduce the price of coal immediately. He does this because the cost of coal to the dealer has been substantially reduced at the mines. The consumer will be grateful for any favors in that direction, be they large or small.

The building in the city of Providence last year amounted to \$21,022,200, which was the biggest year in the history of the city, and only surpassed by one city in New England, and that is Boston, where the building amounted to \$40,026,352. Last year was the biggest building year throughout New England in its history.

The total amount of taxes, Federal, State and local, paid by the people of these United States in the year 1922 was \$7,433,981,000, which is equivalent to \$68.37 for every man, woman and child in the country. It costs something to be governed. Suppose all this were let out in a business way, there is no room to doubt but that it could be done for one-quarter the above sum.

They have just completed the longest tunnel in the world. It is under a range of the Catskill Mountains in New York. It is eighteen miles long and has been dug through solid rock most of the way. It has been ten years under way. It is for the purpose of bringing an additional water supply into New York City. It will add two hundred and fifty millions gallons daily to the city's supply.

Some cold! Here are some of the thermometer readings in various parts of New England last Sunday morning: Swanzey, N. H., 42 below; Augusta, Me., 32 below; Bangor, Me., 25 below; Haverhill, Mass., 24 below; Concord, N. H., 20 below; Boston, 12 above; Providence, 10 below; Woonsocket, 12 below; Newport, zero to 2 above. This was the coldest January morning in many years.

It is predicted now that Hiram Johnson will be defeated in his own state and that Coolidge will have a solid delegation from California. This will be nothing but justice. Johnson has boasted that he had California tied up solid and no power on earth could get it away from him. It is certain that he has controlled the state in former times. He carried it against Hughes in 1916 and elected Wilson, and on more than one occasion he has used the state for his own selfish ends.

Ford reports the manufacture of 2,260,682 automobiles in 1923. Taking out Sundays and holidays leaves about 300 working days for a year. This would mean the manufacture of some 7,555 cars daily. Calling a working day ten hours and we have 733 and a half cars hourly. Reducing it to minutes and it shows something over twelve fivers manufactured every working minute throughout the year 1923. If this thing is kept up a few years longer, there will be a Ford flivver for every man, woman and child in the country. It is said that Ford intends to surpass this number in 1924. He expects soon to be turning out 10,000 cars daily.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The senate convened Tuesday at 2:17 and adjourned at 2:25. The only business transacted in the nine minutes' session was the reception of several appointments by the Governor, all of which went over under the rules. The house was in session half an hour. Several resolutions were introduced making extra appropriations for various objects, all of which were referred to committees. Mr. Bliss of Newport introduced a resolution allowing the use of the state armory in Newport by the Newport Lodge of Elks, which was granted under suspension of the rules, on motion of Representative Lawton.

Wednesday the senate remained in session 2 hours and 32 minutes and the house worked, or rather talked, 4 hours and 5 minutes. The Governor sent a large number of appointments to the senate, among which were Miss Agnes C. Storer of Newport as a member of the State Public Welfare Committee, Clifton L. Tallman of Newport, Commissioner of Inland Fisheries, Charles H. Bryant, M.D., of Tiverton, to be Medical Examiner for the towns of Tiverton and Little Compton. Senator Greene of Newport introduced a resolution directing the State Board of Roads to investigate the advisability of constructing a bridge across Mt. Hope Bay from Bristol to Portsmouth, and appropriating \$20,000 for the expense of such an examination. In the house, there was a long and bitter personal debate on the removal of the property qualification as a prerequisite for voting on all questions in all the cities and towns of the state. The bill finally passed by a vote of 64 to 26. Representative Bliss of Newport introduced a resolution to change the name of Lime Rock to Ida Lewis Rock and Light.

The senate transacted little or no business on Thursday. The Sanderson bill to abolish the property qualification in the cities of the state was on the calendar for action, but the senate adjourned without considering it. In the house the bill changing the name of Lime Rock and Light to Ida Lewis Rock and Light were reported favorably and passed under suspension of the rules. A resolution was also passed under suspension of the rules, urging upon Congress the necessity of increased appropriation for the Torpedo and Naval Training Stations at Newport, and approving the creation of a naval base and drydock in Narragansett Bay. Another bill was introduced increasing the pay of the members of the General Assembly to \$10 a day and that of the speaker to \$20. The plea for the measure is that better men can be obtained for the higher pay. We doubt it. No one will have the hardihood to claim that there are better men in the General Assembly now than when our legislators worked for one dollar a day.

GREETINGS FROM AN OLD NEWPORTER

The editor of the Mercury has just received the following greeting from a former well known citizen of Newport:

"Menton, France.  
"Xmas and New Year's Greetings  
"from  
"Samuel R. Honey."

Today is Candlemas Day. The weather today will tell what the rest of the winter is to be.

"If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,  
Old winter will take another flight."

Now that Leap Year gives them an extra 24 hours, a lot of persons ought to get caught up on some of those little jobs they couldn't find time for last year.

New York hasn't had a national gathering of either of the big parties since 1868. That town's entitled to a national convention once every half-century.

Weekly Calendar FEBRUARY 1924

Day	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
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New moon, Feb. 4, 5:30 evening.  
1st Quarter, Feb. 12, 10:00 evening.  
Full m. m., Feb. 21, 11:03 morning.  
Last Quarter, Feb. 27, 5:16 morning.

Deaths.

In this city, 25th ult., Irene A. daughter of Julia A. and the late Timothy J. Brown.  
In this city, 25th ult., Johanna D. widow of Daniel D. Sher, 41, 5, 9, 1, 27.  
In Jamestown, R. I., 20th ult., Sarah Ann Johnson Gardner, wife of Nathaniel S. Littlefield, in her 73d year.  
In Providence, 25th ult., John L. son of Sarah and the late John G. McLeod.  
In Wakefield, R. I., January 23, Lilla Palmer, wife of Daniel G. Watson.  
In Little Compton, 27th ult., M. Eudora, widow of John Sison, and mother of Mrs. Frederick R. Brownell.

TAXES, TAXES EVERYWHERE

Federal Expenses Coming Down; State and Local Taxes Going Up

A taxation chart prepared by the National Industrial Conference Board shows American taxes moving easily along a slight up-grade from 1913 to 1915 and then shooting rapidly upward until they make an impassable mountain range.

There are three curves representing local, state and federal taxes. At the start, local taxes are highest, totalling \$1,214,000,000 a year, with federal taxes \$682,000,000 a year and state taxes \$338,000,000. For two years the curves run along almost parallel in their gentle rise. Then in 1916 there is a sudden shooting up of federal taxes, which at their peak, in the fiscal year of 1919-20, almost touch the \$9,000,000,000 line.

From that point the federal taxes decline. But the others, which began their real climb in 1917-18, keep right on climbing. For the year, 1920-21, in a total of about eight and one-half billions, local taxes are \$2,400,000,000, federal taxes \$1,903,000,000 and state taxes \$1,126,000,000.

Now federal taxes are lower than that, with Congress planning further reduction. But local and state taxes are higher still.

What good is it to do to reduce the federal taxes, and make the government live up to an economical budget, if cities, counties, and states go ahead spending and taxing more recklessly than ever?

PRICES THEN AND NOW

There is some satisfaction in knowing that necessities of life which cost the average family \$1,000 in 1920 can now be bought for \$800. Though housing and fuel are higher than they were then, food, clothing, furniture and miscellaneous items have brought down the total.

Nineteen-twenty, however, was an abnormal year—the peak of the boom. When we come to compare present living costs with normal costs before the war, those of 1913 for example, we find that family necessities costing \$1,000 then cost \$1,720 now. That is, the cost of living is still 72 per cent above the pre-war level.

It may never return to that level. With all the ups and downs of prices, economic history over long periods shows a general tendency upward, usually attributed to the gold standard, on the principle that as the supply of gold in the world increases, the gold itself grows cheaper.

The war has had much to do with keeping prices up in this case. The diminished supply of goods in the world and the productive capacity of nations have not yet been renewed. There is no good reason, though, for believing that the price level is destined to stay as high as it is. Better production and distribution—everybody working a little harder and more intelligently—would bring prices down.

THE REASON WHY

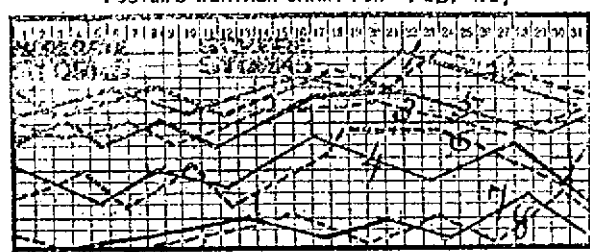
The soldiers' bonus bill, now before Congress, will if it passes, cost this state in taxation \$20,382,000, while the sum received by the War veterans will amount to \$9,533,000. In other words, Rhode Island will pay \$10,779,000 more than her soldiers will receive. All but twelve states will receive more than they are taxed. This is probably the principal reason why so many congressmen advocate the bill. The three New England states that would, under this bill, pay more than they received, are Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut; while Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont would receive more than their tax amounted to. The only Southern state that would pay more than its soldiers received is North Carolina. Mississippi would receive \$24,443,000 and would pay \$2,900,000; Alabama would receive \$31,391,200 and pay \$6,351,701; Arkansas would receive \$27,882,500 and pay \$3,830,000; the other Southern states would pay and receive in like proportion. It is not to be wondered at that the Southern states are in favor of the bonus.

At a meeting of the Newport Royal Arch Chapter on Thursday evening it was voted to sponsor a Chapter of the Order of DeMolay in Newport. This is an international organization for boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years, and is for the sons of Masons and their chums. A Chapter has already been instituted in Providence and steps have been taken in other communities in the state to start other Chapters.

Mr. Francis A. Crum, who died very suddenly in his office in Providence on Thursday, was well known in Newport. He was Rhode Island manager of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, and made many trips to Newport in the course of the year.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN

FOSTER'S WEATHER CHART FOR FEB. 1924



Washington, Feb. 2, 1924.—First half of February has been for us one moderate and one severe storm period. The first, covering the first seven days of the month, will be moderate and temperatures will average lower than the average of previous part of the winter. Great extremes of temperature are not expected and amount of moisture will be moderate. Above applies to east and west of Rockies' crest and is uncommon as the temperatures east and west of Rockies' crest are usually opposite each other. I never use thermometer degrees in my forecasts. It is much more satisfactory to say above or below normal or colder or warmer than usual, the two terms being more readily understood and meaning the same thing and the word normal meaning the average of the days of the month for many years past.

After Feb. 8 a great change will occur east of the Rockies' crest and much warmer may be expected but not so west of Rockies' crest. During the week following Feb. 2 not much moisture and a general shortage of snow are expected. That condition is discouraging to crop prospects. A general saucer deep snow spread half of February has been for us one moderate and one severe storm period. The first, covering the first seven days of the month, will be moderate and temperatures will average lower than the average of previous part of the winter. Great extremes of temperature are not expected and amount of moisture will be moderate. Above applies to east and west of Rockies' crest and is uncommon as the temperatures east and west of Rockies' crest are usually opposite each other. I never use thermometer degrees in my forecasts. It is much more satisfactory to say above or below normal or colder or warmer than usual, the two terms being more readily understood and meaning the same thing and the word normal meaning the average of the days of the month for many years past.

Look for bad storms during the week centering on Feb. 14. Plan outdoor work for either before or after that week; after will be best. Don't sell grain now; if you get tired holding it write to me for suggestions. Big speculators will get your grain at too low prices if you fail to watch yourself and them.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

"Playing the Game"

All roads lead to the Center Church tonight, where the two-act comedy, "Playing the Game," by Mrs. J. M. Murray will be presented by the well known U. Y. B. Club assisted by Mrs. Louise Mitchell and Mrs. Dora Mitchell and a cast comprising Mrs. Annie Murray, Mrs. Annie Mitchell, Miss Frances Jaxon, Mrs. Ella M. Lockwood and Miss Doris Mitchell.

Mrs. N. Eugene Stinson was operated upon for appendicitis at the Newport Hospital last Tuesday morning.

Leonard Lockwood slipped and fell down a flight of stairs last Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arlo Littlefield and fractured his collar bone. Dr. C. F. Perry was called and attended to the injuries.

Postponed

Owing to the indefinite laying-off of the steamer May Archer, the dedication of Stedman Hall in the chapel of the First Baptist Church, including the special services and supper, which were scheduled to take place on Monday evening, February 4th, have been postponed without date. Mrs. Stedman and other guests from Providence were expected had there been some means of transportation to and from Providence.

Dwight Dunn has wrested the whist championship from Charles Smith.

Former Senator Ray G. Lewis and Mrs. Lewis left Block Island last Monday for an extended tour. Their itinerary includes Washington, D. C., Jacksonville, St. Petersburg, and Isle of Pines, Florida. In the spring they will stop at Atlantic City, N. J., for two weeks before returning to the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver C. Rose have returned to the Eureka after spending a month in Providence.

F. E. Lockwood has been appointed a special agent for the Fried Eisman Neutrodyne Radio Receiving sets. Two of these sets have been ordered and will probably be installed within a short time. Block Island has at the present time about fifty radio receiving sets in service and within the next two months this number, it is safe to say, will be swelled to over a hundred.

One thing that will without any doubt whatever extend the Island vacation season at least one month, is the building of a municipal golf course. Each year hundreds of New England golf enthusiasts flock to the White Mountains to get in a few weeks of after season golf. Why not invite them here? The weather and atmospheric conditions surpass anything offered in New England?

Every Islander knows that September is by far the best month in the year. Why crawl into a hole on Labor Day and let a valuable business asset slip by? Attention, Board of Trade. Get busy two years and the investment would be like a paid up policy. By the way—"Lost, strayed or stolen"—Block Island Board of Trade. Will finder please return to Town of New Shoreham.

On Sunday morning Holy Communion will be observed at the Center Methodist Church. At this service Dr. Hesford will take for his text "A Little Child shall lead them." In the evening at 8:30 Dr. Hesford's theme will be "Contending for the Faith."

"Pussyfoot" Johnson says he is "not going to die until the world is dry." Has the man attained immortality?

Of the 328,642 housewives who resolved to keep a record of expenditures, it is estimated that 731 are at it yet.

A FERTILE DISASTER

The terrible explosion in a mill tenement house in the Alanville district, in the town of Lincoln, early Monday morning, was one of the worst disasters that ever occurred in this state. Fifteen persons lost their lives and five more were injured. One entire family was wiped out. The explosion was caused by escaping gas which in all probability set off some more powerful destructive force, probably dynamite. The entire building was demolished instantly. The noise of the explosion it is said, could be heard for a distance of twenty miles. Most of the victims were sleeping. Thirteen of them were killed instantly. Another died within a few moments. The victim, calling his family by name, and bidding them goodbye, burned to death before their eyes, though his sons made frantic efforts to save him. The house was entirely demolished. The victims were carried to their death in a mass of beams, plaster and furniture. Boards and timbers from the framework were driven through the air against the houses on either side, tearing gaping holes in them. The lives of the occupants in neighboring dwelling were spared, but one woman was slightly injured by a piece of flying wood. Persons in many Manville houses were rocked in their beds by the force of the blast.

Parts of the wrecked dwelling and of the furniture it contained were hurled for more than 200 feet. Boards were found entangled in tree branches and wires many feet away and up the side of the steep hill which rises above the house.

Two men from the western part of the state were arrested by the Newport police early Wednesday morning, their actions being rather suspicious. Their automobile was examined and it was found that it had not been registered in the state for the year 1924. They were both fined \$10 and costs by Judge Levy for violation of the automobile laws.

Some 500 apprentices from the Training Station have gone on ten days' furlough prior to being assigned for active duty with the fleet. Several details have been sent to the ships within the past few weeks, but there is still a good number of boys at the Station and more coming in constantly.

Work on the new nine hole course for the Wampanoag Golf and Country Club has progressed to a point where the work can be completed quickly in the spring. It is expected that the eighteen holes will be in use by early summer, making one of the finest courses in the country.

Because of the many accidents that have occurred on Moneysman Hill, the town council of Middletown have passed an ordinance forbidding coasting there.

Mr. William F. Ebbitt has purchased the cigar store on Broadway that was established many years ago by the late Samuel T. H. Ailman.

The Newport Artillery Company will have its annual Washington's Birthday ball at the Armory on February 22nd.

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

Prepared by the Boston Office of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

For Week Ending January 26, 1924.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.—The past week has witnessed very light trading in shipped-in fruits and vegetables, partly because of the unfavorable weather conditions experienced, and few price changes of any magnitude were recorded. Maine potatoes were moving slightly faster at \$1.70-\$1.85 per 100 lb. bag and New York old crop cabbage is about steady at \$1.75 per 100 lb. bag and \$2.00 per barrel. Onion supplies are only moderate, but the market continues dull at about \$2.00-\$2.50 per 100 lb. bag for Mass. and New York medium to fairly large stock. Turnips are practically unchanged. Canadians selling at \$1.50-\$2.00 per 100 lb. bag. California and Arizona iceberg-type lettuce is very cheap at \$2.50-\$2.75 per crate and liberal supplies of Florida big Boston type have brought prices down to \$1.00-\$1.25 per crate. California cauliflower is steady at \$3.50 per crate. Celery is lower, Florida French spinach closing \$2.75-\$3.00 per 10 lb. crate. Sweet potatoes are in limited supply and Delaware Yellow varieties sold during the week at \$2.50-\$3.00 per bushel. Florida peppers and eggplants show little change; the former selling at \$2.50-\$2.75 per crate on fancy with eggs at bringing \$2.50-\$3.00 for best stock. Florida and California oranges and Florida grapefruit are selling well at the low prices prevailing and there is a better movement also in apples. Best Florida oranges and grapefruit wholesale from \$2.00-\$4.00, according to quality and size. Northwestern Wisconsin and Staysman are generally \$2.25 per box on medium to large extra fancy grade and bettered. Walrus 2 1/2" from New York and N. E. cold storage range \$2.00-\$4.50 per barrel with poorer stock as low as \$2.50 and an occasional lot of fanes as high as \$3.25.

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS

Dressed poultry market continues firm with an exceptionally good demand for soft meat chickens, which are short and fairly well. Fowl are not moving as readily but prices are well maintained. Fowl 6 lb. av. \$1.30-1.40; 10 lb. av. \$2.31-2.34; 14 lb. av. \$2.22-2.25. Chickens 6 lb. av. \$2.35-2.40; 10 lb. av. \$2.30-2.32. Live poultry continues firm with receipts rather light and demand fair. Fowl 24-25c; chickens 24-26c. Butter market rules very firm under good demand and exceptionally light supplies especially on the 7-9 score. Buyers are conservative and are working on a hand to mouth basis. Dealers holding firm and in some quarters asking premiums on the cream. Dressed hams 10-12 score \$22-24; 10-11 score \$21-22; 8-9 score \$19-20; 7-8 score \$18-19. Eggs: Market about steady with trade rather quiet on both fresh and storage goods. Buyers have been holding off on fresh eggs. Storage eggs selling slow even when concessions are offered. Westerns Extra 41-43c; extra firsts 41-42c; firsts, 41-42c; seconds 38-40c; nearby henlayers 16-18c; fancy drops up to 43c. Refrigerators: Firsts 27-28c; seconds 25-26c.

Samuel Parker of Lawrence, Mass., is improving from an operation recently performed by Dr. Leon G. Bealey, who removed a steel bullet which had been imbedded in the man's leg for the past 11 years. Parker was accidentally wounded at Key West, Fla., while shooting porpoises. The bullet had given no trouble until a few weeks ago.

More than 700 men and 150 women filled the basement corridors of City Hall, Boston, seeking work through the municipal employment bureau. There are jobs for only one out of every ten applicants and the situation is steadily growing worse, according to the report for the year, which Luke E. Shields, director of the bureau, submitted to Mayor Curley. Director Shields finds the unemployment greater now than at a corresponding time last year. He estimates that there are 30,000 men out of work.

The mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Gleason Pinkham of Steuben, Me., which has been puzzling the residents of that town 10 years, has just been solved by the finding of her skeleton. Mrs. Pinkham disappeared from her home in November, 1913, after leaving a note telling of her intention to make a long journey. A pond was drained and the woods in all directions scoured in vain. Mrs. Pinkham was living alone, lame and in poor health. After giving the bees a good supply of corn to last until the arrival of her husband, who was daily expected, she locked the house and went away. It is thought that she tried to reach the salt water, but became exhausted and fell where her bones were found.

Recommendations that scientific temperance instruction be continued in the schools and that the younger generation should be particularly trained to respect all laws were made by the findings committee of the New England citizenship conference which met in Boston. After some work under the leadership of former Atty.-Gen. J. Weston Allen, and later with the Rev. William M. Macnair in the chair, the committee came to the conclusion that the sentiment which has been aroused in favor of strict enforcement of law is an asset which must not be disregarded. It was also decided that it would be more feasible to continue the work through existing organizations which have fought the liquor traffic for years than to establish a new body whose work might parallel that of some of the older associations.

Dr. George H. Blakeslee, head of the department of history and international relations at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., has accepted the chairmanship of the executive committee of the World Peace Foundation, and will leave Clark soon. Dr. Blakeslee has been a member of the Clark faculty for the last 10 years, since his graduation from Harvard, where he received his doctor's degree. He is recognized as a leading authority on the far east and on international relations.



## MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE

Elected to British Parliament From East Ham



Miss Susan Lawrence, Laborite, was one of the women elected to the new British parliament. She defeated the Conservative member for East Ham.

## AMERICAN TO RULE HUNGARIAN FINANCE

He Is to Be the Financial Dictator Insisted Upon Before a Loan Is Granted.

London.—It was learned at the League of Nations headquarters here that the Hungarian Government will accept from the League a loan of 250,000,000 gold crowns (\$50,000,000). There will be a meeting in a few days of the Reparation Commission of the League to decide upon the size and frequency of the reparation payments by Hungary during the term of this loan.

In consideration of the loan, the Hungarian Government agreed to the appointment of a disinterested supervisor of her finances. For this important post several names were suggested. It was agreed at once that the post should be filled either by an American, a Swede or a Dutchman, these countries being financially disinterested.

Hungary, however, indicated her preference that an American rather than a citizen of either of the other nations should be her financial adviser, and, this being the case, an offer of the post was made to an eminent American banking expert. It was learned that the offer has been accepted.

Efforts to obtain the name of the American who has accepted practically the financial dictatorship of Hungary have proved so far unsuccessful. It is understood, however, that his identity will be disclosed after the meeting of the Reparation Commission, which will probably be held this week. In the absence of Count Bethlen, the Hungarian Premier, who returned to Budapest on Thursday, the Hungarian Legation declined to divulge the name, but admitted that the choice had fallen upon "a big American banker."

## WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

BOSTON.—Daughter of W. P. G. Harding kills self in Boston home; father blames gay life.

NEW YORK.—Dr. Straton wins second debate with Dr. Potter on modern religion.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Robert Ackler, nineteen years old, of Butte; R. A. Heller, twenty-one, of Boston, and Bernard Quennell, twenty-one, of Kallispell, Mont., all students of the University of Montana here, were arrested here and charged with robbing the Missoula postoffice early this morning of \$25,000 in currency. The money was recovered.

NEW YORK.—Final vote on the peace plan will not be known until some time after the first of March, the Policy Committee indicated.

ST. LOUIS.—Senator Reed of Missouri announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency and solicited the endorsement of the Democratic State Convention.

ROME.—Princess Yolanda, daughter of the king and queen of Italy, gave birth to a daughter at Turin.

NEW YORK.—Virgin birth again assailed in Modernist pulpits as "incredible legend of antiquity."

BELLEFAIRE, Ohio.—Fire destroyed the plant of the Bellefaire Enamel Company; loss estimated at \$500,000.

NIAGARA FALLS.—The Canadian plant of the United States Light & Heat Corporation at Niagara Falls was destroyed by fire with a loss estimated at \$100,000. The building was situated in the center of the business district.

LONDON.—Premier MacDonald in public interview declares Europe's distress is due principally to France's occupation of the Ruhr.

EL PASO.—Firing squad executes five rebels plotting to seize Juarez.

## COOLIDGE STANDS ON TAX BILL MERIT

He Believes Congress Will Become Convinced That the Mellon Plan Is Soundest.

\$103,000,000 LOPPED OFF

Committee Drops Levies on Admissions Up to 50 Cents, Telegraphs and Telephone—Excise Taxes to Be Erased.

Washington.—President Coolidge, it was said by a White House spokesman, believes that the administration tax bill is gaining support in and out of Congress, as the substitute proposals are analyzed and compared with the economic features of the bill recommended by Secretary Mellon. The impression received by the President from conferences and reports coming to him from the country at large is that the prospect for the enactment of the administration bill, without substantial changes, is growing better constantly.

Mr. Coolidge is hopeful that the bill will not be made a partisan measure and that members of Congress will support it without thinking of such considerations. He welcomes such support, it was said, as he does not desire to take credit for the bill but hopes that credit will go to those who vote for it, and that final action in Congress will be taken on the merits of the proposal, regardless of political leanings.

It was pointed out that the effects of the different substitute proposals had not been analyzed by experts. When these analyses are made and comparison is reached with the administration bill, the President believes that none of the other bills will show anything like the degree of relief from taxation provided in the administration bill, and that such analyses will tend to break down the opposition in Congress.

Party Leaders in Dilemma

Republican leaders in Congress are greatly worried over the refusal of Mr. Coolidge to consent to amendments increasing the surtax rates over those in the Mellon bill. They had hoped that the President, if he did not consent to these changes, would become less aggressive in his espousal of the Mellon schedule. The President has become stronger in his support of the Mellon bill as its support by Republicans in Congress has begun to grow weak and wavering.

In view of the difference between the majority party in Congress and the President, the opinion is expressed that taxpayers are beginning to examine carefully the relative merits of the bills. That the administration bill is gaining in this comparison is the belief of the President, despite the apparent purpose of the Republicans in the House to amend its surtax provisions.

Chairman Green said that in agreeing upon these reductions no partisan spirit was shown.

The following table shows the repeals agreed upon by the committee:

Revenue Source	Taxes
Telegraph and telephone	\$30,380,788.98
Beverages	10,131,896.84
Admissions	33,000,000.00
Theatres, seating tax	1,712,566.83
Candy	11,816,466.83
Hunting, bowie and dirk knives	81,506.17
Livery and livery boots	138,283.72
Hunting garments	163,274.28
Yachts and motor boats	267,079.97
Carpets and rugs	928,609.73
Trunks	48,510.21
Vallises, &c.	34,008.36
Purses and pocketbooks	151,105.22
Portable lighting fixtures	229,575.07
Fans	11,081.45
Jewelry, &c.	10,000,000.00
Produce sales	3,607,690.84
Billiards and bowling, &c (50 per cent)	1,200,000.00
Total	\$103,254,488.83

Mr. Green advised the committee not to make a total cut above \$110,000,000 of the available \$200,000,000, because leeway would be needed when it came to checking up the steps before the indirect tax sections were finally disposed of.

SMALL INCOMES' TAX CUT

Slash by House Committee Includes All Under \$5,000.

Washington.—Income tax payers got their first slice of the proposed tax relief when the House Ways and Means Committee adopted the recommendation of Secretary Mellon to allow a special 25 per cent reduction in the tax on incomes which are "earned."

All taxable incomes under \$5,000 were defined as earned for purposes of this reduction.

CHARGE MONOPOLY IN RADIO

Rights to Manufacture and Sell Devices Are Pooled.

Washington.—The Federal Trade Commission charges there is a monopoly in radio apparatus. The Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company, American Telephone & Telegraph Company, Western Electric Company, Inc., Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., the International Radio Telegraph Co., United Fruit Co., and Wireless Specialty Apparatus Co. are named.

## H. W. LONGFELLOW

High in the Councils of Veterans' Bureau



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has been made executive officer of three independent sections of the veterans' bureau recently consolidated under one assistant director as a further step in the reorganization by Director Frank T. Hines. Mr. Longfellow served in the navy during the war and was formerly chief of the personnel section.

## \$100,000 TEAPOT DOME INQUIRY FUND VOTED

House Appropriates Cash, 250 to 1, Banton Refusing to "Throw Good Money After Bad."

Washington.—House Republicans and Democrats joined and on a strictly nonpartisan vote placed a special appropriation of \$100,000 at the disposal of President Coolidge for prosecuting the naval reserve oil cases. The resolution now goes to the Senate.

A special joint resolution carrying the appropriation was presented by Chairman Madden of the Appropriations Committee. Two hours of discussion of all phases of the affair followed, in which the Democrats brought out every trick of partisanship in an effort to make the political capital out of the situation. Despite this they voted solidly for adoption of the resolution, with the exception of Representative Thomas L. Banton, of Texas. The vote was 250 to 1.

The Democratic attack centered upon Attorney General Daugherty and President Coolidge's action in requesting that special nonpartisan counsel be employed to handle the cases. The criticism in this respect was especially bitter. Former Secretary of the Interior Fall and Secretary Denby were the main targets of their secondary attack.

With the passage of the measure an attempt was made by the Democratic leader, Representative Finis J. Garrett, to bring immediate action upon a resolution of his providing for cancellation of the Sinclair lease. Garrett asked unanimous consent for consideration of the measure, but Representative Nicholas J. Sinnott, of Oregon, chairman of the Public Lands Committee, objected.

## LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Coolidge target of Democrats in House all debate.

President holds conference on North-west farm relief.

Supreme Court dismisses sugar anti-trust suit, finding no proof against exchange.

Senator Heflin accuses Texas Republican committee of using Cabinet influence to stop fraud inquiry.

United States Supreme Court rules that state has power to prevent national banks establishing branches and that Federal statutes forbid such extensions.

House committee to report Mellon tax plan intact.

Gen. Hines contemplates plans for remodeling work of Veterans' Bureau.

Representative Garrett introduces joint resolution to void Teapot Dome oil lease.

Republican leaders may urge Coolidge to oust both Daugherty and Denby over Teapot Dome oil disclosures.

Charging propaganda by New York "foreign interests," Ohio Congressman offers drastic immigration bill.

The fight against the confirmation of George B. Christian as a member of the Federal Trade Commission was resumed in the Senate with redoubled vigor, Senator Shipstead, of Minnesota, leading the fight.

Coolidge selects special prosecutor in Teapot Dome inquiry; Daugherty washes hands of case.

Joint legislative committee opens headquarters to direct nationwide fight for Volstead law modification.

Bitter battle over surtax rate is fought on floor of House.

## LENIN'S BODY IN A MARBLE TOMB

Procession, in One of Coldest Days Moscow Has Known, Runs to Keep Warm.

PRISONERS ARE PAROLED

Hall of Unions' Banners Say "He Is Dead but His Work Lives"—Massed Troops Keep Order. Ceremony Very Simple.

Moscow.—The climax of an amazing week of national emotion was reached at 4 o'clock Sunday under the ancient wall of the Kremlin when as bells tolled and guns thundered Stalin, Kamenoff, Zinovieff, Bukharin, Rykov and Kallinin bore Lenin's red-draped coffin from the high dais where it had lain all the afternoon to the marble mausoleum, still covered by a wooden construction shed, under the shadow of a huge plaster statue of a workman.

This statue the Bolsheviks set up as a pendant to the bronze effigy on the opposite side of the square of the blacksmith Mirin, who helped to free Russia from Polish domination hundreds of years ago.

The crippled body of Nicolai Lenin lies in a grave 25 feet deep that was blasted out of the frozen soil below the Red Square of Moscow.

Above the grave rises a wooden mausoleum, which is to be replaced by a concrete tomb when spring suns again unlock the frozen Russian wastes.

East, west, north and south, over the white plains and under the gray sky, rises the mourning cry of a nation, while in Moscow new leaders carry on the work of government the dead man built.

A million persons, bare-headed in the biting cold, stood silent for blocks around the Red Square, and in the square itself, as Lenin's body was lowered into the grave.

About them stretched a world of white silence. From where the Baltic ice fields stretch beyond the ramparts of the Kronstadt to where the eastern slopes of the Urals roll down to the great Siberian wilderness, from Northern Archangel to where Odessa looks on the Black Sea, not a wheel stirred in all Russia.

Traffic and industry was stilled at 4 p. m. as all that was mortal of Lenin passed to the grave. The hush of death fell on an ice-blocked country.

Then, out of that cold silence, came a voice, the far-flung call of government radio stations, hurling one message across the lonely forests, steppes and mountains:

"Lenine is dead. His work lives forever."

In the Red Square they were burying Lenin. But in ten thousand cities and hamlets a new deity, a legend and a tradition was being born.

Five minutes of silence ended. Massed field pieces of the Red army thundered out a salute. Factory whistles roared into the sky. From the masts of the radio station here a broadcast funeral march rolled out.

Such was the final act in the dramatic story of Lenin.

Long before dawn all Moscow was astir. Thousands of peasants poured into the city on sledges to attend the funeral. Huge bonfires blazed in the streets.

At 6 o'clock, while the city was still wrapped in darkness, a procession began to move toward the grave. They were the wreath bearers, carrying some of the 600 wreaths from every section of Russia. At 7 o'clock another and ghostly procession approached. They bore great banners, emblazoned with words of mourning.

At 9 o'clock Stalin, Minister of Nationalities, and Zinovieff, President of the Petrograd Soviet, lifted Lenin's coffin, aided by six workmen, from its couch in the Union House, carrying it on their shoulders to the door. There President Kallinin and Kamenoff, head of the Moscow Soviet, joined the workmen in taking the coffin. On the way to Red Square the pallbearers were relieved regularly, among those taking their turn being Foreign Minister Tchitcherine, Bukharin and Krasin.

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## NEWS HAPPENINGS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Items Gleaned From All Parts of New England

During the calendar year 1923 the number of forest fires in Connecticut was cut by one-third, the area burned was cut three-fourths, and the damage resulting from fires was decreased more than four-fifths.

The name of President Coolidge has been added to the roll of the Burlington Vt. Chamber of Commerce as the 100th member, when the organization conferred an honorary membership on him.

On account of the large number of complaints about dogs chasing deer in Brattleboro, Vt., the state fish and game department has given notice that unless owners restrain their dogs, they will be liable to prosecution and a fine of \$100.

The first transfer of the property since the original grant from the King of England in the 17th century was made recently by Miss Eleanor Bradley, who sold her homestead on Greenfield Hill, Fairfield, Ct., to Mrs. Ruth B. Williams of New York.

Generous co-operation with the agricultural program of the commonwealth and with the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst in order to improve agricultural conditions in this state was urged by Frank G. Allen, president of the Senate, at the annual dinner of the Massachusetts Agricultural Fairs Association. More extensive planting in the seasons is necessary in every part of Massachusetts, said Mr. Allen, who added that 75 per cent. of the food resources of the commonwealth have to be imported annually to meet the demands of the people.

A 16-year campaign aimed to arrest tuberculosis early in children was launched, when Health Commissioner Eugene R. Kelley filed with the Massachusetts Legislature a special report, calling for the expenditure of \$500,000 and the examination of more than 200,000 school children in the state.

Deputy Marshall John H. Dugan, of Rutland, Vt., was obliged to arrest his own brother when he was instructed to serve a grand jury warrant charging Michael Dugan of Rutland with selling intoxicating liquor. Dugan was one of 11 men indicted in a recent liquor probe.

Word was received from Washington at the headquarters of the First Army Corps, Boston, that Brig.-Gen. Malvern Hill Barnum, commander of the 18th U. S. Infantry Brigade, has been designated as commander of the Citizens' Military Training Camp, which will be held in Camp Devens next summer.

## HOLD UP NOMINATION

Senate Progressives Led by La Follette Block Confirmation.

Washington.—Senate Progressives led by Senator La Follette, blocked confirmation of the nomination of George B. Christian, Jr., secretary to the late President Harding, as a Federal Trade Commissioner, to take effect at once.

Postponement of consideration for at least two weeks was forced by La Follette in a meeting of the Senate Commerce Committee.

## ITALY AND JUGO-SLAVIA TREATY

All Claims on Fiume Turned Over to Italians.

Rome.—The Italo-Jugo-Slav alliance is an accomplished fact. News that France and Czechoslovakia signed a treaty of alliance, and that the Spanish-Belgian commercial treaty had been extended was followed by the signing of an agreement between the Italian and Jugo-Slavian Governments. Jugo-Slavia signs over to Italy, all claims on Fiume, which thereby returns to Italian domination.

with Andrew Wilmore, and while he was ordering the dinner and talking to some friends, I went down to the American bar to have a cocktail. Miss Daisy, Hyslop and Fairfax were seated there alone and talking confidentially. Fairfax was insisting that Miss Hyslop should do something which puzzled her. She consented reluctantly, and Fairfax then hurried off to the theater. Later on, Miss Hyslop and the unfortunate young man occupied a table close to ours, and I happened to notice that she made a point of leaving the restaurant at a particular time. While they were waiting in the vestibule she grew very impatient. I was standing behind them and I saw her glance at the clock just before she insisted upon her companion's going out himself to look for a taxi. Ergo, one inquires at Fairfax's theater. For that exact three-quarters of an hour he is off the stage. At that point my interest in the matter ceases. Scotland Yard was quite capable of the rest."

"Disappointing," Sir Timothy murmured. "I thought at first that you were over-moist. I find that I was mistaken. It was chance alone which set you on the right track."

"Well, there is my story, at any rate," Francis declared. "With how much of your knowledge of the affair are you going to indulge me?"

Sir Timothy slowly revolved his brandy glass.

"Well," he said, "I will tell you this. The two young men concerned, Biddle and Fairfax, were both guests of mine recently at my country house. They had discovered for one another a very fierce and reasonable antipathy. With that recurrence to individualism with which I have always been a hearty sympathizer, they agreed, instead of going round their little world making sneering remarks about each other, to fight it out."

"At your suggestion, I presume?" Francis interposed.

"Precisely," Sir Timothy assented. "I recommended that course, and I offered them facilities for bringing the matter to a crisis. The fight, indeed, was to have come off the day after the unfortunate episode which anticipated it."

"Do you mean to tell me that you knew—?" Francis began.

Sir Timothy checked him quietly but effectively.

"I knew nothing," he said, "except this. They were neither of them young men of much stomach, and I knew that the one who was the greater coward would probably try to anticipate the matter by attacking the other first if he could. I knew that Fairfax was the greater coward—not that there was much to choose between them—and I also knew that he was the injured person. That is really all there is about it. My somewhat theatrical statement to you was based upon probability, and not upon any certain foreknowledge. As you see, it came off."

"And the cause of their quarrel?" Francis asked.

"There might have been a hundred reasons," Sir Timothy observed. "As a matter of fact, it was the eternal one. There is no need to mention a woman's name, so we will let it go at that."

"There was a moment's silence—a strange, unforgettable moment for Francis Ledsam, who seemed by some curious trick of the imagination to have been carried away into an impossible and grotesque world. The hum of eager conversation, the popping of corks, the little trills of feminine laughter, all blended into one sensual and unmusical chorus, seemed to fade from his ears. He fancied himself in some subterranean place of vast dimensions, through the grim galleries of which men and women with evil faces crept like animals. And towering above them, unreal in size, his scornful face an epitome of sin, the knight which he wielded symbolical and ghastly, driving his motley flock with the leer of the evil shepherd, was the man from whom he had already learned to recoil with horror. The picture came and went in a flash. Francis found himself accepting a courteously offered cigar from his companion."

"You see, the story is very much like many others," Sir Timothy murmured, as he lit a fresh cigar himself and leaned back with the obvious enjoyment of the cultivated smoker. "In every country of the world, the animal world as well as the human world, the male resents his female being taken from him. Directly he ceases to resent it, he becomes degenerate. Surely you must agree with me, Mr. Ledsam?"

"It comes to this, then," Francis pronounced deliberately. "That you stage-managed the whole affair?"

Sir Timothy smiled.

"It is my belief, Mr. Ledsam," he said, "that you grow more and more intelligent every hour."

Sir Timothy glanced presently at his thin gold watch and put it back in his pocket regretfully.

"Alas!" he sighed. "I fear that I must tear myself away. I particularly want to hear the last act of 'Louise.' The new Frenchwoman sings, and my daughter is alone. You will excuse me."

Francis nodded silently. His companion's careless words brought a sudden dazzling vision into his mind. Sir Timothy scrawled his name at the foot of his bill.

"It is one of my axioms in life, Mr. Ledsam," he continued, "that there is more pleasure to be derived from the society of one's enemies than one's friends. If I thought you sufficiently educated in the outside ways of the world to appreciate this, I would ask if you cared to accompany me?"

Francis did not hesitate for a moment.

"Sir Timothy," he said, "I have the greatest detestation for you, and I am

firmly convinced that you represent all the things in life abhorrent to me. On the other hand, I should very much like to hear the last act of 'Louise,' and it would give me the greatest pleasure to meet your daughter. So long as there is no misunderstanding—"

Sir Timothy laughed.

"Come," he said, "we will get our hats. I am becoming more and more grateful to you, Mr. Ledsam. You are supplying something in my life which I have lacked. You appeal alike to my sense of humor and my imagination. We will visit the opera together."

CHAPTER IX

The two men left Soto's together, very much in the fashion of two ordinary acquaintances saluting out to spend the evening together. Sir Timothy's Rolls-Royce limousine was in attendance, and in a few minutes they were threading the purlieus of Covent Garden. It was here that an incident occurred which afforded Francis considerable food for thought during the next few days.

It was a Friday night, and one or two wagons laden with vegetable produce were already threading their way through the difficult thoroughfares. Suddenly Sir Timothy, who was looking out of the window, pressed the button of the car, which was at once brought to a standstill. Before the footman could reach the door Sir Timothy was out in the street. For the first time Francis saw him angry. His eyes were blazing. His voice—Francis had followed him at once into the street—shook with passion. His hand had fallen heavily upon the shoulder of a huge carter, who, with whip in hand, was laboring a thin scarecrow of a horse.

"What the devil are you doing?" Sir Timothy demanded.

The man stared at his questioner, and the instinctive antagonism of race vibrated in his truculent reply. The carter was a beery-faced, untidy-looking brute, but powerfully built and with huge shoulders. Sir Timothy, straight as a dart, without overcoat or any covering to his thin evening clothes, looked like a stripling in front of him.

"I'm whippin' 'er, if yer want to know," was the carter's reply. "I've got to get up the 'ill, haven't I? Gars and mind yer own business!"

"This is my business," Sir Timothy declared, laying his hand upon the neck of the horse. "I am an official of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. You are laying yourself open to a fine for your treatment of this poor brute."

"I'll lay myself open for a fine for the treatment of something else, if you don't quit 'old of my 'oss,' the carter retorted, throwing his whip back into the wagon and coming a step nearer. "Dyer 'ear? I don't want any swells interferin' with my business. You 'op it. Is that strite enough? 'Op it, quick!"

Sir Timothy's anger seemed to have abated. There was even the beginning of a smile upon his lips. All the time his hand caressed the neck of the horse. Francis noticed with amazement that the poor brute had raised his head and seemed to be making some faint effort at reciprocation.

"My good man," Sir Timothy said, "you seem to be one of those brutal persons unfit to be trusted with an animal. However—"

The carter had heard quite enough. Sir Timothy's tone seemed to madden him. He clenched his fist and rushed in.

"You take that for interferin', you big toff!" he shouted.

The result of the man's effort at pugilism was almost ridiculous. His arms appeared to go round like windmills bending the air. It really seemed as though he had rushed upon the point of Sir Timothy's knuckles, which had suddenly shot out like the piston of an engine. The carter lay on his back for a moment. Then he staggered viciously to his feet.

"Don't," Sir Timothy begged, as he saw signs of another attack. "I don't want to hurt you. I have been amateur champion of two countries. Not quite fair, is it?"

"Wot d'yer want to come interferin' with a chap's business for?" the man growled, dabbing his cheek with a filthy handkerchief but keeping at a respectful distance.

"It happens to be my business also," Sir Timothy replied, "to interfere whenever I see animals ill-treated,

Now I don't want to be unreasonable. That animal has done all the work it ought to do in this world. How much is she worth to you?"

"That 'oss," he said, "ain't what she was. It's true, but there's a lot of work in 'er yet. She may not be much to look at but she's worth forty quid to me—ay, and one to split on!"

Sir Timothy counted out some notes from the pocketbook which he had produced, and handed them to the man.

"Here are fifty pounds," he said. "The mare is mine."

He called over his footman and directed him to unharness the animal and take it to his private stable, in town.

The man touched his hat and hastened to commence his task. Sir Timothy turned to Francis. "We might walk the last few yards, Mr. Ledsam," he said.

The latter acquiesced at once, and in a moment or two they were in the opera house.

Margaret Hilditch, her chair pushed back into the recesses of the box, scarcely turned her head at her father's entrance.

"I have brought an acquaintance of yours, Margaret," the latter announced, as he hung up his hat. "You remember Mr. Ledsam?"

Francis drew a little breath of relief as he bowed over her hand. For the second time her inordinate composure had been assailed. She was her usual calm and indifferent self almost immediately, but the gleam of surprise, and he fancied not unpleasant surprise, had been unmistakable.

"Are you a devotee, Mr. Ledsam?" she asked.

"I am fond of music," Francis answered, "especially this opera."

She motioned to the chair in the front of the box, facing the stage.

"You must sit there," she insisted. "I prefer always to remain here, and my father always likes to face the audience. I really believe," she went on, "that he likes to catch the eye of the journalist who writes little gossiping items, and to see his name in print."

"But you yourself?" Francis ventured.

"I fancy that my reasons for preferring seclusion should be obvious enough," she replied, a little bitterly. "My daughter is inclined, I fear, to be a little morbid," Sir Timothy said, settling down in his place.

Francis made no reply. A triangular conversation of this sort was almost impossible. The members of the orchestra were already climbing up to their places, in preparation for the overture to the last act. Sir Timothy rose to his feet.

"You will excuse me for a moment," he begged. "I see a lady to whom I must pay my respects."

Francis drew a sigh of relief at his departure. He turned at once to his companion.

"Did you mind my coming?" he asked.

"Mind it?" she repeated, with almost insolent nonchalance. "Why should it affect me in any way? My father's friends come and go. I have no interest in any of them."

"But," he protested, "I want you to be interested in me."

She moved a little uneasily in her place. Her tone, nevertheless, remained icy.

"Could you possibly manage to avoid personalities in your conversation, Mr. Ledsam?" she begged. "I have tried already to tell you how I feel about such things."

She was certainly difficult. Francis realized that with a little sigh.

"Were you surprised to see me with your father?" he asked, a little anxiously.

"I cannot conceive what you two have found in common," she admitted. "Perhaps our interest in you," he replied. "By-the-by, I have just seen him perform a quadrille but a very fine action," Francis said. "He stopped a carter from thrashing his horse, knocked him down, bought the horse from him and sent it home."

She was mildly interested.

"An amiable side of my father's character which no one would suspect," she remarked. "The entire park of his country house at Flatton End is given over to broken-down animals."

"I am one of these," he confessed, "who find this trait amazing."

"And I am another," she remarked coolly. "If any one settled down seriously to try and understand my father, he would need the spectacles of a De Quincey, the outlook of a Voltaire, and the callousness of a Borgias. You see, he doesn't lend himself to any of the recognized standards."

"Neither do you," he said boldly.

She looked away from him across the house, to where Sir Timothy was talking to a man and woman in one of the ground-floor boxes. Francis recognized them with some surprise—an agricultural duke and his daughter Lady Cynthia Milton, one of the most beautiful and famous young women in London.

"Your father goes far afield for his friends," Francis remarked.

"My father has no friends," she replied. "He has many acquaintances. I doubt whether he has a single confidant. I expect Cynthia is trying to persuade him to invite her to his next party at the Walled House."

"I should think she would fail, won't she?" he asked.

"Why should you think that?" Francis shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"Your father's entertainments have the reputation of being somewhat unique," he remarked. "You do not, by-the-by, attend them yourself?"

"You must remember that I have had very few opportunities so far," she observed. "Besides, Cynthia has

tastes which I do not share."

"As, for instance,"

"She goes to the National Sporting Club. She once traveled, I know, over a hundred miles to go to a bull fight."

"On the whole," Francis said, "I am glad that you do not share her tastes."

"You know her?" Margaret inquired.

"Indifferently well," Francis replied. "I knew her when she was a child, and we seem to come together every now and then at long intervals. As a debutante she was charming. Lately it seems to me that she has got into the wrong set."

"What do you call the wrong set?" he hesitated for a moment.

"Please don't think I am laying down the law," he said. "I have been out so little, the last few years, that I ought not, perhaps, to criticize. Lady Cynthia, however, seems to me to belong to the extreme section of the younger generation, the section who have a sort of craze for the unusual, whose taste in art and living is distorted and bizarre. You know what I mean, don't you—black drawing-rooms, futurist wall-papers, opium dens and a cocaine box. It's to some extent affection, of course, but it's a folly that claims its victims."

She studied him for a moment attentively. His leanness was the leanness of muscular strength and condition, his face was full of vigor and determination.

"You at least have escaped the abnormal," she remarked. "I am not quite sure how the entertainments at the Walled House would appeal to you, but if my father should invite you there, I should advise you not to go."

"Why not?" he asked.

"She hesitated for a moment.

"I really don't know why I should trouble to give you advice," she said. "As a matter of fact, I don't care whether you go or not. In any case, you are scarcely likely to be asked."

"I am not sure that I agree with you," he protested. "Your father seems to have taken quite a fancy to me."

"And you?" she murmured.

"Well, I like the way he bought that horse," Francis admitted. "And I am beginning to realize that there may be something in the theory which he advanced when he invited me to accompany him here this evening—that there is a certain pliancy in one's intercourse with an enemy, which friendship lacks. There may be complexities in his character which as yet I have not appreciated."

The curtain had gone up and the last act of the opera had commenced. She leaned back in her chair. Without a word or even a gesture, he understood that a curtain had been let down between them. He obeyed her unspoken wish and relapsed into silence. Her very absorption, after all, was a hopeful sign. She would have him believe that she felt nothing, that she was living outside all the passion and sentiment of life. Yet she was absorbed in the music. . . . Sir Timothy came back and seated himself silently. It was not until the tumult of applause which broke out after the great song of the French overture, that a word passed between them.

Not another word was spoken until the curtain fell. Francis lingered for a moment over the arrangement of her cloak. Sir Timothy was already outside, talking to some acquaintances.

"It has been a great pleasure to see you like this, unexpectedly," he said, a little wistfully.

"I cannot imagine why," she answered, with an undertone of trouble in her tone. "Remember the advice I gave you before. No good can come of any friendship between my father and you."

"There is this much of good in it, at any rate," he answered, as he held open the door for her. "It might give me the chance of seeing you sometimes."

"That is not a matter worth considering," she replied.

"I find it very much worth considering," he whispered, losing his head for a moment as they stood close together in the dim light of the box, and a sudden sense of the sweetness of her thrilled his pulses. "There isn't anything in the world I want so much as to see you oftener—to have my chance."

There was a momentary glow in her eyes. Her lips quivered. The few words which he saw framed there—he fancied of reproach—remained unspoken. Sir Timothy was waiting for them at the entrance.

"I have been asking Mrs. Hilditch's permission to call in Curzon street," Francis said boldly.

"I am sure my daughter will be delighted," was the cold but courteous reply.

Margaret herself made no comment. The car drew up and she stepped into it—a tall, slim figure, wonderfully graceful in her unrelieved black, her hair gleaming as though with some sort of burnish, as she passed underneath the electric light. She looked back at him with a smile of farewell as he stood bareheaded upon the steps, a smile which reminded him somehow of her father, a little sad, a little tender, having in it some faintly challenging quality. The car rolled away.

(To be continued)

Nothing to Nothing.

A parvenu is an upstart. In other words, a parvenu is a man who has risen from nothing suddenly and become nothing suddenly.

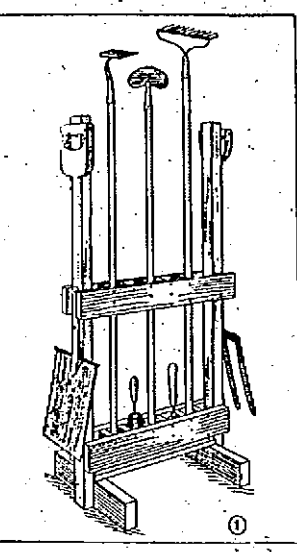
### HANDICRAFT FOR GIRLS

By DOROTHY PERKINS

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall.)

#### GARDEN TOOL RACKS.

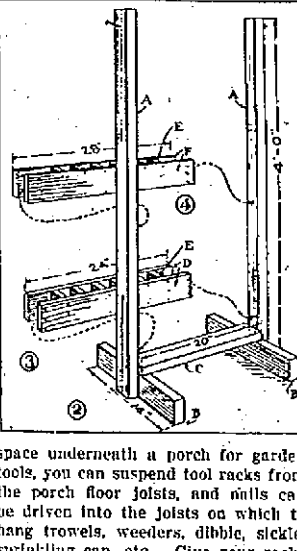
The rack in Fig. 1 was designed for six of an amateur gardener's essential tools—spade, fork, hoe, rake, trimmer, and trowel. There is room for one or two additional tools, and, of course, the rack may be extended as much as you want. Fig. 2 shows the start of the framework. Cut uprights A out of 2 by 2 inch stuff, shoe blocks B out of 2 by 4 inch stuff, connecting strip C out of a 1 by 4 inch board, by the lengths indicated in Fig. 2, and nail them together as shown. Then make up the frames shown in Figs. 3 and 4, cutting side pieces D and F out of 1 by 4 inch boards, of the lengths shown, and division blocks E 2 inches long by 4 inches wide; assemble the pieces in the manner shown, spacing the division blocks 2 inches apart. The ends of the lower frame (Fig. 3) come flush with the sides of uprights A, the ends of the upper frame project 2 inches beyond. Fasten the lower frame about



1/2 inch above connecting strip C, the upper frame 18 inches above the lower frame. Drive a nail into each of the uprights A, near the top, on which to hang the spade and fork.

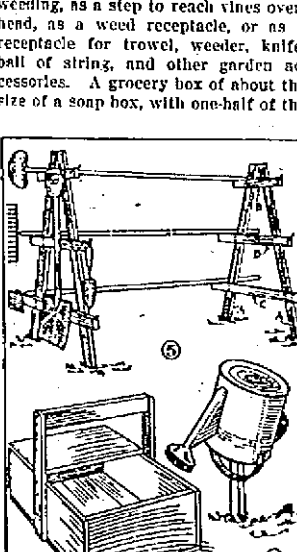
The rack in Fig. 5 is not only a good tool rack, but will serve as a clothes-prop rack as well. The two frames forming it are simple to make, as you will see by the illustration that each requires two uprights (A), with three crosspieces (B, C and D) nailed to them. Nails driven into the ends of the crosspieces are provided to keep the tool handles from rolling off. The nails will also make good hangers for towels.

A stake driven into the ground makes a satisfactory rack for the sprinkling-can. If you can utilize the



space underneath a porch for garden tools, you can suspend tool racks from the porch floor joists, and nails can be driven into the joists on which to hang trowels, weedeers, dibble, sickle, sprinkling can, etc. Give your racks a coat of paint, green or white.

Fig. 7 shows a handled box that will serve several purposes in the garden. It may be used as a stool when weeding, as a step to reach vines overhead, as a weed receptacle, or as a receptacle for trowel, weeder, knife, ball of string, and other garden accessories. A grocery box of about the size of a soap box, with one-half of the



cover nailed on, two upright strips nailed to the opposite sides, and a crosspiece fastened between the uprights, is all there is to it. If you want, you can hinge the other half of the cover to the half nailed in place, so the box can be closed.

### HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS

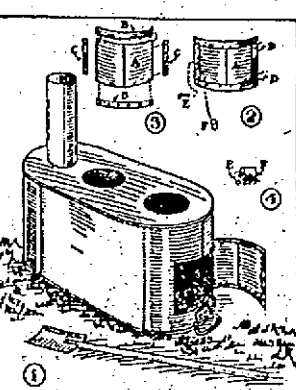
By A. NEELY HALL

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall.)

#### FOR THE BACKYARD CAMP.

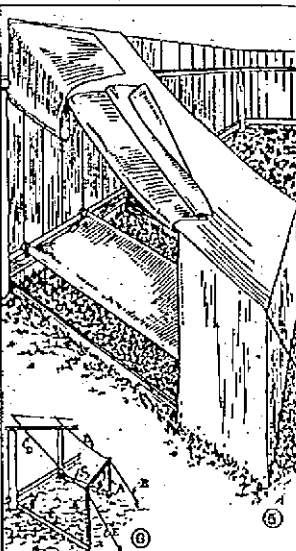
A stove, tent and cot are all the equipment needed for the backyard camp, and as they can be home-made no boy need lack an outfit.

Get an old discarded wash boiler and you will need in addition only a



section of stovepipe and pieces of tin cans for making the camp stove shown in Fig. 1.

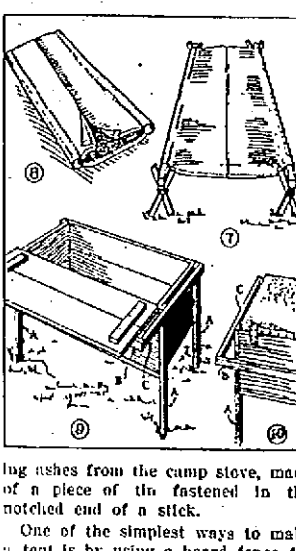
Three openings must be cut through the wash-boiler bottom, one for the stove-pipe, the others for cooking receptacles to stand over; and in the end of the boiler farthest from the stovepipe, there must be a fuel doorway. The cutting is done best with tin snips, but a run opener will answer the purpose. Describe circles for the round openings, one the size of the stovepipe, the other two 5 inches in diameter. The fuel doorway should measure 8 by 12 inches. The piece of tin removed from the doorway (A, Fig. 2), must be made into a door (Fig. 2) by the addition of tin strips (B, and C). Fig. 3 is a detail show-



ing how strips B and C are attached with carpet tacks. Punch holes in the tin to drive the tacks through, and clinch the tack ends. Hang the door with hinges made of wire. Push wire through holes punched through the edge of the door and the boiler, and twist the ends together. A simple catch for the door can be made of a screw hook (B, Fig. 2) and a wooden knob made of a section of broom-handle (F). Punch a hole through the door for the shank of the screw hook to slip through.

Covers for the stove openings can be cut out of tomato cans.

Fig. 1 shows a shovel for removing



ing ashes from the camp stove, made of a piece of tin fastened to the notched end of a stick.

One of the simplest ways to make a tent is by using a board fence for one wall (Fig. 5), constructing a framework as shown in Fig. 6, and sewing or pinning together pieces of canvas, burlap, and other heavy material, to cover it. Drive corner posts A into the ground (Fig. 6), nail crosspiece B to their tops, and extend strips C from posts A to the fence. Run ropes D from crosspiece B to the fence, and ropes E from B to stakes driven into the ground.

The camp cot in Fig. 7 has a mattress made of canvas, burlap or bed ticking, stuffed with excelsior (Fig. 8).

Figs. 9 and 10 show a provision box. Cut legs A long enough to drive 8 inches into the ground, yet hold the box 8 inches or so above the ground. Crosspiece C, nailed across legs A, supports crosspiece B, which in turn supports the cover when it is open. Batten together the cover boards, and cover with oilcloth or tarp.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



# Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET

Two Doors North of Post Office  
NEWPORT, R. I.

## WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

## Light for Revere's Midnight Ride.

There has long been a controversy between the descendants of two families concerning the identity of the friend of Paul Revere who placed the signal lantern in the old North church in Boston. Some assert that the lights were placed by Robert Newman, at that time sexton of the church, others contend that it was John Pulling, an intimate friend of Revere's from the time of his boyhood. Historians for the most part now give the credit to Newman.

## Green Gutta Parsha.

This substance is now obtained from the leaves of the caoutchouc tree and is said to be more durable than that procured by cutting into the stem of the tree. Unlike the ordinary product, it does not require an expensive process of purification, so that its cost is cheapened. In France and elsewhere green gutta parsha has been employed in the construction of submarine cables.—Washington Star.

## Woodstone.

Woodstone is the name of a material made of sawdust mixed with manganese cement and compressed under enormous pressure. This woodstone is very like ordinary wood, save that it has no grain. It is made in planks which can be cut with a saw and planed, and has the advantage of not being inflammable.

## Eliminate Extra Steps.

By carefully arranging utensils and supplies to eliminate extra steps and motions, experimenters at University of Washington have demonstrated that a housewife can cut nearly eleven minutes from the time ordinarily taken to make a lemon pie.

## The Zero Milestone.

The "zero milestone" stands just south of the White House, in Washington, on the ellipse of Potomac park. From this milestone is measured the distance along the national highways of the United States. The stone is of white marble, and on top is a bronze sundial.

## Mistaken.

"John, John" whispered a congressman's wife. "Wake up, I'm sure there are burglars in the house." "Robbers in the house?" he muttered sleepily. "Absolutely preposterous. There may be robbers in the senate, Mary, but not in the house. Absurd."—National Republican.

## Ancient Stone Axes.

Fourteen stone axes, recently unearthed on a farm property in Norway, are declared by experts to be examples of one of the earliest known forms of stone axes, dating from a period 7,000 years ago.

## Sudan Grass.

From an eight-ounce package of Sudan grass sent to this country from Khartoum in 1900 what is now a \$10,000,000 a year forage crop found in many states of the United States has been developed.

## Ridiculous.

The most ridiculous thing we know of is the bow-legged dancing master trying to make a knock-kneed flapper take the step just as he does it.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

## Highest Price for Poem.

The highest price ever paid for a poem was 6,000 golden crowns paid to Sanazaro by the citizens of Venice for his eulogy of their city—a poem of six lines only.

## "Mebbe" He's Right.

Jud Tunkins says mebbe it's better for people not to have so much money that they can afford to start divorce proceedings at the first little family quarrel.

## Only Woman Jockey.

Miss Margaret Leigh, daughter of a former Kentucky race horse owner, is the only woman jockey in America. She has ridden horses since childhood.

## Game Is Scarce.

"Game is getting so scarce," said Uncle Eben, "that a duck cat gets shot for at least have de comfort of knowin' he dies famous."

## The Easiest Way.

Every seventh married couple is divorced, so if you are seventh in line at the person's you might as well go back home and give it up.

## Something to Be Proud Of.

A woman is never satisfied with her prowess as a shopper until she has succeeded in getting a bargain at a church bazaar.

## Avoid Taints in Milk by Feeding

Tests Show That Green Alfalfa Produces More "Off" Odors Than Does Corn.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Undesirable flavors and odors in milk produced by feeding green alfalfa, green corn, or turnips may be prevented by giving these feeds at the proper time or they may be reduced by thorough aeration of the milk. These conclusions have been reached by the United States Department of Agriculture after extensive tests in which experienced milk judges who had no knowledge of the samples gave their opinions about the quality of the milk. The results of the tests of green alfalfa and green corn have been published in Department Bulletin 1100, Effect of Feeding Green Alfalfa and Green Corn on Flavor and Odor of Milk, by C. J. Babcock. The results of the investigations on turnips have been published in Department Bulletin 1203, Effect of Feeding Turnips on the Flavor and Odor of Milk, by the same author.

Alfalfa Produces Flavor. It is shown that green alfalfa produces much more pronounced "off" flavors and odors than does green corn. Even when 25 pounds of green corn is fed one hour before milking the milk is only slightly tainted, probably not to a sufficient extent to be detected by the average consumer; if fed after milking nothing undesirable is noticeable. Feeding 30 pounds of green alfalfa one hour before milking, or as little as 15 pounds, produced objectionable flavors and odors. Increasing the time to three hours reduced the intensity but did not eliminate the taints. However, when the time before milking was increased to five hours the off flavors and odors were practically eliminated. It was found also that 30 pounds could be fed immediately after milking without any bad effects. The conclusion is that green alfalfa as a soiling crop should be fed immediately after milking, and that when it is used as pasture the cattle should be taken off four or five hours before milking. Aeration will help to remove slight off odors and flavors. Green corn, at least up to 25 pounds at a feed, may be fed at any time.

## Root Crops Not Blamed.

In some regions root crops are used to supply succulence in the fall and winter, and among these crops turnips are one of the most commonly grown. They have long been suspected of being responsible for off flavors and odors in milk, and the department's investigation has shown that the delirium were right about it. Feeding 15 pounds of turnips an hour before milking produced taints, and increasing the quantity fed to 30 pounds greatly intensified them. By feeding even the maximum quantity just after milking practically all the objectionable flavors and odors were avoided. As in the case of alfalfa, slight off flavors and odors were removed and strong ones reduced by aeration. The taints were more noticeable in the cream than in the milk.

Copies of the bulletins may be obtained, as long as the supply lasts, by addressing the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

## Meat Scrap Is Essential to Production of Eggs

That rations for laying hens should contain approximately 12 per cent of meat scrap for efficient egg production is brought out by tests at the Ohio experiment station.

This amount of meat scrap has decreased the cost of feed more than 20 per cent and increased the egg production more than 50 per cent as compared with a ration containing only 2 per cent of meat scrap. This was true of both the heavy and light breeds of poultry.

A ration in which the grain mixture was made up of three parts corn, one part wheat and the dry mash mixture of two parts, by weight, ground corn, one part bran and two parts meat scrap, has proved satisfactory. The fowls consumed twice as much grain as mash.

## Plow Legumes Under for Building Up Fertility

Over 652,000 acres of legumes were plowed under for green manure in 1922 by farmers following the advice of agricultural extension workers on methods of building up soil fertility, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture.

Finding that the fields in which they desired to plant legumes had acid soil, some 48,000 farmers in 1922 followed the recommendation of their county agent to apply lime on these fields. They used for this purpose, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture, about 627,000 tons of lime or limestone.

## Especially Worth While to Save Supply of Corn

Prof. R. M. Green, marketing head at the Kansas State Agricultural college, believes that it is especially worth the farmer's while to conserve corn. Cattle roughed through the winter and corn fed for the spring market promise better. While cattle prices may work to a slightly lower level than last season, storage holdings of beef are no more burdensome than last year and production is in no way as much overdone as in the case of hogs.

## Wheat Versus Bran as Feed for Dairy Cows

Feed Stuffs Vary in Value According to Other Feeds.

A correspondent asks the value of low-grade wheat at \$1.10 per hundred-weight, compared with wheat bran at \$1.40 for dairy cows. The digestible nutrients in the two feeds show 30 per cent more total feed value in wheat but 25 per cent more protein and three times as much minerals in the bran. Bran is valued also for its laxative and bulky nature, which makes it good for mixing with heavy grains. Feeding stuffs vary in value according to the other feeds in the ration. Bran would be the more valuable feed in balancing a ration greatly lacking in protein.

Where alfalfa hay is available to supply protein and minerals, the wheat would prove the cheapest feed at above prices. With a ration based largely on corn fodder, cane hay, millet hay or corn sturge for roughage it would be necessary to feed some high protein concentrate like oil meal or bran in addition to the wheat. Wheat is a heavy concentrate and should be mixed with lighter feeds like barley, oats, kafir or dried beet pulp. Because finely ground wheat is likely to form a paste in the mouth, it should be rolled or crushed rather than ground fine, another reason for feeding it in a mixture. We have no record of experiments comparing wheat bran directly, since wheat is generally too high priced to use as stock feed. The Danes consider both wheat and wheat bran are equal to mixed barley and oats, though in the feed-unit tables used in Scandinavian countries wheat is considered one-tenth more valuable than wheat bran for dairy feeding.—Charles T. Bray, Colorado Agricultural College.

## Select Breeding Stock for Production of Eggs

In selecting breeding stock for egg production choose birds that show signs of being good layers, as indicated by trap-nest records and those having egg-laying characteristics, such as deep bodies with good width between the pelvic bones and good depth between pelvic and keel bones. Select birds as near standard type as possible. For breeding, yearling or two-year-old hens are preferred. Hatching eggs should not be kept more than ten days.

N. E. Chapman, poultry specialist at University farm, who gives the foregoing advice, advocates dry, warm, well ventilated quarters for the flock, with plenty of scratching room and range as soon as the weather permits. To insure laying the breeders should be kept in good condition by proper feeding. A laying ration should consist of from 10 to 15 per cent meat scrap.

## Important Ducks Should Have Plenty of Water

In feeding ducks, a good many folks overlook the fact that they have no crops like other domestic fowls. The food passes from the throat into a roamy duct which opens directly into the gizzard, and for this reason ducks should have mostly soft food.

For the same reason it is also quite important that ducks should have plenty of water to drink in case the food refuses to go smoothly down the passage which takes the place of a crop. A good many people mix a little sand with the mash they feed their ducks, and this assists in grinding and digestion.

Ducks are very fond of vegetables and green food of all kinds. They also like potatoes prepared in a way that they can be easily eaten. When ducks are kept confined, bran may well constitute the principal part of their diet.

## Farm Implements Should Have Proper Attention

Before the implements are put away for the season whether under roof or not, it is well to give the wooden parts a coat of paint, and sometimes paint will prevent rust when applied to the metal parts of the frame. The gears on machinery, such as the binder and the mower, should be thoroughly cleaned and given a coat of some sort of oil. The bright steel parts, such as shovels and mold boards, should be given a coat of grease in order to prevent rust. This should be done even though implements are housed, because moisture in the air will cause rust to form even in a good shed.

## Illinois Station Gives Ration to Fatten Horse

Several years ago the Illinois experiment station carried on some experiments in fattening draft horses. They found about the best fattening ration was a ration composed of one-fourth oats and three-fourths corn, with good clover or alfalfa hay. The horses, which were confined in the stall, not allowed to run loose in the yard, made by far the best gain.

## Minerals Not Necessary for Pigs Being Fattened

Mineral mixtures are not necessary for pigs being fattened for market if enough tankage is fed to supply a sufficient amount of protein, for tankage is also rich in the minerals needed. Alfalfa hay is also rich in minerals, especially lime. Tankage and alfalfa hay is the best and cheapest mineral mixture available to the farmer.

## Choker Collar, Ribbed Jacket, Suit Features



Showing choker collar and snappy ribbed jacket, attractive features of this clever knitted suit.

## Good Looks and Charm Found in All Women

Do you feel that nearly every woman in the world is more beautiful than you, and more charming? Do you get the blues over your unpopularity with men? Do you get the part of a drab and lowly earthworm when you venture into your employer's office to ask for a raise in pay?

Then—turn over a new leaf! Stop worrying over the charms you think you lack. And, along with your powders, rouges and face creams, build up a serene belief in the good looks you undeniably possess.

This is the counsel given in the Designer Magazine by a famous New York physician who is visited annually by hundreds of patients in search of relief from troublesome nerves. Among these there are women whose self-confidence is shattered because of their anxiety over real or fancied defects in their personal appearance.

"The woman who believes she is homely is always much better looking than she thinks she is," he said.

"Women who imagine they aren't as beautiful as other women—the world is full of them," he said. "They suffer black blues over their pimples, moles, freckles, big feet, stubby fingers, the shape of their noses, the size of their hands, the color of their skin. Their sensitiveness over their supposed ugliness hurts so much that often they cannot speak of it—not to their husbands, their mothers, their most trusted friends.

"The woman who feels as ugly as a mud fence should take herself in hand. She can, if she gives her horse sense a chance, throw off her delusion of ugliness. Probably she isn't conspicuously plain. It's her state of mind that needs improving.

"Women who think they are frights rate well in looks with their sisters who get into the thick of the fun at dances, who are elected to office in their clubs, or who land good jobs," he explained. "They're not Ugly Ducklings, but they can't shake off the shrinking Ugly Duckling feeling. They take a back seat, for they haven't enough confidence in their beauty, or their cleverness to warrant pushing themselves ahead.

"Of such women we say: 'She is capable, but she lacks faith in herself.' 'She would be a charming hostess but for her shyness.' 'She could hold that job if she had nerve.'

"I haven't the manner of a queen or the curls of a Mary Pickford, so I won't play,' their behavior says as plainly as words."

## Black Continues to Be One of Favored Colors

It might be said, considering the rarity of front and back trimmings on the new hats, that ornamentation is almost entirely a side issue; certainly, it is very dashingly. Often it occurs on both sides, with balanced effect. Trimming is, in the main, drooping rather than upstanding, and seems to have no idea of where to stop once it begins trailing. Very chic are both the long uncurled ostrich plume which takes a headlong leap off the side of practically any sort of small hat and the ribbon of even longer claims which becomes a scarf.

Despite the preference each designer has for a particular color, it is plain that black continues to be the smartest of them all. Brown and black, relieved by bright colors, are very respectably represented in most of the collections, and greens and reds are not without noticeable precedent.

## Vogue of Jersey.

It is not surprising that the Jersey frock introduced rather tentatively early in the season should have caught the feminine fancy, for there is a naive boyishness about its slim, straight lines, its plain little collar and cuffs of linen and in the subdued tones of its coloring that is extraordinarily attractive. For the schoolgirl and her sister of college age a frock of this type is ideal and one finds them featured by shops that make a specialty of youthful fashions.

## Low Girdle, New Fashion in Paris

Side Drapery and Bib and Hood Effects Are Among Styles Shown.

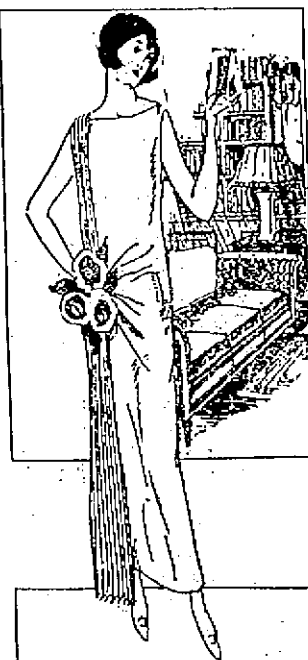
Dignified draperies are claiming considerable attention. This does not mean that draped models are replacing those with flounces and tiers, but rather that they are used in conjunction with one another. Many of the new models, notes a writer in the New York Tribune, are basically draped but have, in addition to the drapery, flounces, tiers, cascading panels and jabot effect.

Callot excels in new draped models. These are draped in a most graceful way and differ widely from the figure-molding effects of the past.

A new Callot evening model dispenses with every bit of underwear or other accessories that once were indispensable to the woman's toilette. All of the dresses have little girdle belts to which hose supporters are attached. The dress is built on this girdle, whether it be of normal or low waistline. So all the fashionable Parisienne wears is a pair of slippers, a pair of stockings and her dress.

One of Mionnet's newest models is so cut that the front forms a series of draped folds like a hood. This is done by means of a bias seam down the center front. A similar effect is worked out in a bib effect, oblong and rounding at the corners, this bib formed of alternating bands of two shades of crepe, one of which forms the remainder of the dress.

Cheruit shows her ingenious use of drapery in a gown in which she strikingly emphasizes the simplicity of the winter mode, which, in this case, is nothing more than a width of velvet in brilliant rose color passed around the figure, with an armhole on one side.



Cheruit Model of Rose-Colored Velvet Draped Over Silk Foundation Which Has Platted Section of Silver Tulle at Right Side.

Where the velvet does not meet at the right side a platted panel of silver tulle is revealed. The two edges of the velvet are seemingly drawn together and held in place by three large artificial roses. In fastening the panel it is slightly draped over the hips and across the stomach. Glances of the light-fitting foundation of rose-colored silk are revealed as the wearer moves.

## Many Graceful Styles in New Dance Attire

A social world dancing madly has called for such evening gowns as challenge the creative genius of fashion artists, foreign and American, notes a fashion writer in the New York Times. Almost every form of entertainment, day or night, now resolves itself into a dance, and the debuts and countless other activities of the younger set have brought out the most artistic expressions of dancing frocks shown in many seasons.

Quite early the Parisian designers, foreseeing a gay jeunesse season, sent over a variety of models, which were quickly absorbed and translated into many charming versions. The houses from which usually come the best things in youthful dress—Vionnet, Jenny, Miller, Langan, Lenoir and Cheruit—have established standards, and their latest models are engaging juvenile style, full of airy grace and beauty. Even the couturiers who represent modes of more formality, conspicuously Callot, have worked out delightful frocks for the dance that will be equally popular with the debutante and the young matron.

In this colorful season of beautiful silks and satins, rich brocades and metal laces, inspiration is not lacking, and youth is always an alluring ideal. Fashion has drawn far away from the simple floating draperies of childhood that characterized the evening gowns for two or three seasons past; these look like the negligees of the present day. Everything has become more elaborate, in a way, though lines still follow the figure. Individuality is now given the widest expression.

## Children Ory for Fletcher's CASTORIA

Hot Springs, Ark., is widely noted for the hot waters that flow from 72 springs, included in a space of ten acres on the west side of Hot Springs mountain. The waters of these springs range in temperature from 70 to 157 degrees F., and are especially beneficial in the treatment of chronic diseases. In 1832 four sections of land were set off by congress as a government reservation. Since then the government has established on the mountain the Army and Navy General hospital.

## Forests Moderate Climate.

The forest service says that cutting down trees has a decided effect on climate and soil fertility. It is an established fact that forests tend to prevent extremes of temperature, either hot or cold; and thus moderate climate. They also prevent the washing away of soil, retard and often prevent floods and thus make cultivation of much land possible, land which without trees would be arid waste.

## Stone Mountain.

Stone Mountain is a massive dome of massive granite in De Kalb county, Georgia, and is said to be the largest in the world. It is about sixteen miles east of Atlanta. It rises about 700 feet above the comparatively level surrounding country and its bulk has been estimated as over 7,000,000,000 cubic feet.

## Cotton Weaving.

Cotton weaving is one of the most ancient practices. It was known in India 1,500 years before Christ. The East Indian spun yarn and wove cloth as fine and thin in texture as the best appliances of today have been able to produce. Alexander the Great introduced the "vegetable wool" into Europe.

## Selected Church Bell Over Phone.

Listening by long distance telephone from Boston to the tolling of several bells at Troy, N. Y., enabled a church committee deputed to purchase a bell to make a decision without the expense of a trip to the factory.

## Nature's Vaudeville Fren.

Why do you want to spend your money to laugh at a movie comedy when you can go to the links and see a fat woman in knickerbockers playing golf without paying a cent for the show?—New Orleans States.

## The Moropus That Was.

Moropus, a fossil animal which once lived in what is now Nebraska, was about the size of a modern camel, had a neck like a horse, back and tail like a tapir, legs like a rhinoceros, but had claws instead of hoofs.

## Castle of Chapultepec.

Emperor Maximilian and his consort resided in the castle of Chapultepec during their brief reign in Mexico. The castle is said to be in the exact condition in which it was when they fled from it.

## To Measure Gases.

A bathing cap, automobile gresed gun and can of soda line are among the parts of a simply constructed apparatus designed to teach medical students how to measure gases breathed.

## Some Record.

Married in 1833, a mother before her seventeenth birthday, a grandmother fifteen years later, at the age of thirty-one, is the record of a woman living in Carmarthenshire, Wales.

## Sure Sign.

If you see a couple walking along the street and the man goes on while the woman pauses to look in at the shop windows it's a sure sign that they are married.

## We Wonder.

Jud Tunkins says you'll never get the man with a liver to wait the traffic cops to go heart and soul along with this idea of rigid law enforcement.

## Another Boss.

Once upon a time the cook was the undisputed head of the family. These days the family finds itself taking a back seat, too, for the chauffeur.

## Cowardice Dangerous.

I am a man of peace. God knows how I love peace; but I hope I shall never be such a coward as to mistake oppression for peace.—Kossuth.

## Slight Difference.

A man seldom has as much faith in his vote when he is voting for something as he does when he is voting to punish somebody.

## Honor Napoleon.

Ajaccio was chosen the capital of Corsica because Napoleon's mother desired that his birthplace be honored in that way.

## He Knows.

If the doctor doesn't listen to the relation of half your symptoms, it is because he knows what's the matter, anyway.

## Giant Concrete Tower.

Engineers are preparing plans for a concrete tower used as a wireless station that will be 1,200 feet high.

## X-Ray for Swiss Cheese.

Swiss cheese is now examined with the aid of an X-ray machine by the Department of Agriculture.

## Depth of Mediterranean.

The greatest depth of the Mediterranean sea is about 14,458 feet.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, February 3, 1849

Mr. Steadman of South Kingstown came up to Providence Saturday on the railroad train. Although he lives within seven miles of the railroad he has never before seen a railroad car. His private carriage is hung on two wheels drawn by his favorite ox, which conveys the family to church. The make of the carriage is entirely original, and difficult to describe.

Thomas R. Hazard Esq., of Portsmouth, the well known philanthropist, was elected one of the vice presidents of the American Colonization Society, at its annual meeting in Washington.

On Saturday last the remains of the late Mrs. Catharine H. Greenway were brought to this place and entombed in Trinity Churchyard, near the remains of her grandfather, the late Dr. William Hunter. Mrs. G. was the wife of John Greenway, of Montevideo, and the daughter of the Hon. William Hunter of this town. She died in April, 1847, and Mr. G. being about to settle in the United States brought with him the remains of his wife to be interred with her kindred.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, January 31, 1874

The dedicatory exercises of the new Thames Street M. E. Chapel, which are to take place on the tenth of next month, will be conducted by Bishop Wiley of Boston, one of the leading divines in that denomination. It is expected that many of the former pastors of the church will be present and participate in the exercises.

A most cowardly outrage was committed recently on the premises of Maria Plummer, near the Church of the Holy Cross in Middletown. Windows were broken, stones thrown in, furniture injured, and house damaged inside and out. Mrs. P. was absent from home visiting a sick neighbor. A reward was offered in the Mercury for the apprehension of the rascals.

Dr. Squires, the partner of Dr. Stanton, has been elected corresponding secretary of the Massachusetts Anglers' Association.

A petition is in circulation and numerously signed for a life saving station on the coast of Block Island. We hope the enterprise will be successful. (It was.)

The case of Mary Diggins vs. City Marshal of Newport was set down for trial before the Supreme Court Thursday. The City Marshal appeared with his lawyers, but Mary didn't, so the case did not come to trial.

Schooner Harriet Lewis went ashore on Beaver Tail on Sunday and afterwards went to pieces and was abandoned.

There are thirteen murderers in the New York Tombs awaiting trial. And yet Gotham is not wholly happy.

At the annual meeting of the Butler Hospital for the Insane in Providence, Lieut. Governor C. C. Vanderbilt, Hon. William P. Sheffield, Alfred A. Reed and Henry Ledyard, of Newport, were elected members of the corporation.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, February 4, 1899

Jamestown was visited Tuesday by two fires, both of which resulted disastrously. The first was a barn belonging to George C. Carr, on premises occupied by William Hartman. The barn was totally consumed with all the hay, twelve cows, two horses several pigs and a large flock of hens. No insurance. The second fire was at the residence of Harry Stadler on Narragansett avenue. This was discovered at 9:20 the same day in the room occupied by John Maher, a man employed on the fortifications at Dutch Island and the Dumpings. Maher was so badly burned that he died soon after the discovery of the fire. The house was badly damaged.

The annual meeting of the Newport Street Railway Company was held Tuesday when the following officers were elected: Directors, Gardner B. Reynolds, Angus McLeod, T. T. Pitman, A. C. Titus, George P. Chase, Henry W. Darling and George P. Magner. The annual reports show that the year has been a very prosperous one.

The Charity Organization Society held its twentieth annual meeting on Tuesday evening. Rev. T. Calvin McClelland read the report of the Board of Reference and Rev. George Whitefield Mead was the speaker of the evening. Darius Baker was elected president, Rev. E. H. Porter, vice president, J. Truman Burdick treasurer, Robert S. Franklin auditor.

The funeral of the late Captain Heman B. Rider, who died on Friday of last week, was held at the residence of Col. Joseph T. Perry Monday afternoon. St. John's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of which the deceased was a member, attended in a body, and conducted the Masonic burial service.

The Newport Horticultural Society held its fifth annual ball in Masonic Hall Wednesday. The officers in charge were Floor Manager James Kyle, Assistant John J. Butler, Aids John T. Allan, George E. Houghton, Jr., T. T. Bowler and N. T. Hodson.

Mrs. Abner P. Lawton of Portsmouth was thrown violently from her carriage on Broadway yesterday morning and suffered severe bruises.

Miss Florence N. Dawley of this city has been the guest of Mr. and

Mrs. J. Lincoln Sherman in Middletown this week.

Mr. William H. Cotton has returned from a very enjoyable vacation spent in Florida. He was accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Cotton and Miss King.

Messrs. George S. Gardner, and John S. Coggeshall, 2nd, have returned from a trip to New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Miss Edith Tilley entertained at whist Thursday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Gray.

Names are being secured for membership in the proposed golf club. It is to be located on the Brier farm in Middletown.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S BIBLE QUESTIONS

1. II. Kings and Isaiah 37 are the two chapters in the Bible which are alike.
2. The middle verse in the Bible is Psalm 118:8.
3. The word "Amen" is used to affix the stamp of truth upon the prayer.
4. Christ called Herod a fox, when he learned that Herod sought to kill him.
5. Judas betrayed Christ with a kiss.
6. When Judas repented, he went out and hanged himself.
7. While in seclusion John the Baptist wore garments of camel hair, held to the body by a girdle of leather.
8. His food consisted of locust and wild honey.
9. The Aaronites were priests of the family of Aaron.
10. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's," is the Tenth Commandment.
11. Mordecai refused to bow before Haman.
12. Christ was tempted by Satan 40 days.
13. Sackcloth garments were worn by mourners and in extreme cases they were worn next to the skin.
14. Omri chose Samaria the capital of the ten tribes of Israel.
15. The Lord had chosen Saul to be captain over the children of Israel.
16. Israel was governed by the House of Omri for 45 years.
17. "Galilee of the Gentiles" was given to Upper Galilee.
18. Samuel selected David because God whispered to him that none of the other sons of Jesse was the chosen one.

MORE BIBLE QUESTIONS

- 1.—By what other names are the Ten Commandments called in various places in the Bible?
- 2.—Did God allow the people to come to the top of Mount Sinai while He was speaking to them?
- 3.—God commanded Aaron to assist Moses in what way?
- 4.—Why was Cain jealous of Abel?
- 5.—To the court of what king and for what purpose was David called?
- 6.—Was Galilee remarkable for its fertility of soil?
- 7.—What was the first disaster that befell Job?
- 8.—What brought John the Baptist's public ministry to a close?
- 9.—When Moses perceived the suffering of his people, what did he determine to do?
- 10.—Whose family did God find faithful?
- 11.—How many years was the Ark under construction?
- 12.—What was the "Stone of Abel"?
- 13.—Of what kind of wood did Noah build the Ark?
- 14.—Who went before King Ahasuerus to plead for the life of the Jews?
- 15.—Did the King free the Jews from the decree against them?
- 16.—Who was Heman's wife?
- 17.—When Naomi returned to Bethlehem, what did she request the people to call her?
- 18.—What did Samuel do to Saul when he told him he was to be captain of the people?

UNITY CLUB

Next Tuesday evening the amusing play, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," will be produced before the Unity Club by a capable cast under the direction of Miss Pauline Houghton. The play is in four acts with but one change of scene, which will obviate any long delay between the acts. The cast includes Mr. Henry C. Wilkinson, Mrs. Edward R. Hass, Mr. Joseph Coffey, Miss Edith Vayro, Miss Eleanor Cottrell, Mrs. John K. Quinn, Mr. Raymond Taylor, Miss Marion G. Smith, Mrs. Louise G. Green, Miss Myrtle Pfannenmiller, Miss Mary E. Walsh, Mrs. Alvah H. Sanborn, and Miss Sarah Davis.

The Republican members of the General Assembly caucused Wednesday and chose Brig. Gen. Luke H. Callan of Bristol as the party candidate for Attorney General, Philip H. Wilbour for re-election as State Auditor, Eben N. Littlefield as Sinking Fund Commissioner, and William A. Peckham of Newport for the State Board of Education in place of Prof. Frank E. Thompson, deceased.

Mr. Richmond Brooks Barrett has brought out his first novel through the publishing house of Boni and Liveright, and a large sale is anticipated by the publishers. Mr. Barrett is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barrett of this city.

The Highway Division of the State Department of Public Works has made public the rules and regulations governing billboards and other outdoor advertising signs in Massachusetts, which it has had in preparation for some months. Under these rules no sign is permitted within 50 feet of a highway. A sign of not more than 32 square feet will be permitted within 100 feet and not less than 50 feet. A sign 12x25 feet will be permitted between 100 and 300 feet. Beyond 300 feet the size may be 14x50 feet, but that is the limit of size permitted for residential sections no sign may be erected unless with the consent of a majority of the property owners within a block of the proposed location. No billboards or signs are hereafter to be permitted within 300 feet of parks or public reservations.

"Destroy apple tree stumps, that afford harborage for gypsy moths, and replace them with young white pines," was a message to the moth superintendents of Massachusetts at a session at Horticultural Hall. Prof. W. C. O'Keefe of New Hampshire, H. L. McIntyre of New York state and Harold L. Bailey of Vermont told of the efforts their moth departments are making to get farmers to clean out the stumps and stop the growth of sprouts and "stickers" that offer excellent pasturage for gypsy moth caterpillars.

At a special meeting by a vote of 193 to 25 the citizens of St. Johnsbury, Vt., voted to buy of the E. T. Fairbanks & Co. the plant of the St. Johnsbury Aqueduct Company at a price of approximately \$250,000. The property has been appraised by an engineer at \$150,000 and the municipality will pay for it by issuing serial bonds at 4 1/2 percent interest.

Four officers of the Massachusetts Association of Disabled Veterans of the World War, which organization received notices following the probe of its rest camp at Shirley, Mass., were indicted by the federal grand jury. The men are William H. Burns, president; James Hannafin, treasurer; Leo J. Conway, state organizer, and Albert Doucette, collector.

The Right Rev. Edwin Holt Hughes, bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, speaking to 2000 men and women in Pawtucket, R. I., declared that he wished the ministers who are now taking part in the controversy regarding the Virgin birth "would close their mouths and go to work. While I do not want to get into the controversy," said he, "nevertheless, I will say that I am an evolutionist, because I think that evolution cannot go on without God."

Wood Lighter Than Cork. In spite of the advances of practical science, there are still some indispensable materials the making of which is still nature's secret, and for which no entirely satisfactory substitute has been found. Among these substances is cork. It is possible, though, that nature herself, in this case, offers a substitute in the wood of a tree growing on the east coast of Lake Tchad, in Africa, which is of even less specific gravity than cork.

Farce and Comedy. A farce is a dramatic piece of a broad character and the difference between it and comedy proper is one of degree and not of kind. The aim of both is to excite mirth, but while the comedy does so by comparatively faithful adherence to nature and truth, the farce assumes a much greater license and may make use of any extravagance or improbability that may serve its purpose.

Shunning and rattling doors are simply eliminated by a small pneumatic cushion made to fit the door jamb.

Always a Fine Day, Too. You have every advantage over all the great heroes of the past—you are still alive.—Wilmington News-Journal.

Who Knows? Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions. They pass no criticisms.—George Elliot

Manitoba a Big Province. The province of Manitoba is almost the same size as Great Britain and Ireland.

Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I. January 22, 1924.

Estate of Evalina Read. MABEL R. LEWIS and INA E. SIMMONS, have this day filed in this office their petition in writing to the Probate Court of said Middletown, praying that Frank T. Thibault, of the City of Taunton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, or some other suitable person, be appointed Administrator of the estate of said Evalina Read, late of said Taunton, who deceased intestate, and notice is hereby given to all persons interested in said estate, that the same will be considered and acted upon at the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the eighteenth day of February next, A. D. 1924, at one o'clock p. m.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Estate of Ann Lothrop. NOTICE is hereby given that Everett H. Walston of Taunton, Mass., has been appointed by the Probate Court of Middletown, R. I., Administrator of the estate in Rhode Island of Anna L. Lothrop, widow, late of said Taunton, deceased, and has given bond and duly qualified as such Administrator, has appointed Albert L. Chase of said Middletown, as his agent in the State of Rhode Island, and that the Postoffice address of said agent is Box 12, Newport, R. I. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased in the State of Rhode Island, are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Probate Court within the month of February 2, 1924, the date of the advertisement thereof.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, So. Sheriff's Office,

Newport R. I. Oct. 25th, A. D. 1923. BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 1221 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1923, and returnable to the said Court March 20th, A. D. 1924, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 19th day of December, A. D. 1921, in favor of Mary Vira Swan, of the Town of Middletown, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, plaintiff, against Percy T. Bailey, of said Middletown, defendant, I have (this day at 11 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m.) levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Percy T. Bailey, had on the 19th day of October, A. D. 1923, at the time of this levy in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said Town of Middletown, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:

A certain parcel or tract of land with the dwelling house and other buildings and improvements thereon, situated on the easterly side of the West Main Road, in the Town of Middletown, and bounded Northerly, 754 feet on land of Max Polakowicz and Anna Polakowicz, 37 feet on the same land; Southerly, on land of Kate M. Bailey, and Westerly, 37 feet on the West Main Road. A measurement more or less, or however otherwise bounded or described, being part of the land and premises conveyed to Percy T. Bailey by Albert A. Anthony, by deed dated October 1, 1903, and recorded in Land Evidence Book of Middletown, Number 19, on pages 299 and 300.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office of said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 23rd day of February, A. D. 1924, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the satisfaction of said Execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 23rd, 1924.

Estate of Ellen Dolan Kelly

PETER TURNER, Conservator of the property of Ellen Dolan Kelly, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said Ellen Dolan Kelly for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the eighteenth day of February next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 23rd, 1924.

Estate of Ellen Dolan Kelly

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Ellen Dolan Kelly, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the eighteenth day of February next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 23rd, 1924.

Estate of Robert P. Hamilton

REQUEST in writing is made by Martha King, Nicholas King, and William H. King, all of said Newport, niece and nephews of Robert P. Hamilton, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the eighteenth day of February next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 23rd, 1924.

Estate of Annie M. Winters

NOTICE is hereby given that C. Francis Winters has qualified as Guardian of the person and estate of Annie M. Winters, of full age, of said Newport. Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning February 2nd, 1924.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 23rd, 1924.

Estate of Charles G. Anthony

NOTICE is hereby given that Newport Trust Company has qualified as Conservator of the property of Charles G. Anthony of said Newport. Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning February 2nd, 1924.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court, Middletown, R. I., January 21, A. D. 1924.

Estate of Maria Gracia de Simas

ALBERT L. CHASE, the Administrator of the estate of Maria Gracia de Simas, widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court for examination and allowance his first and final account therewith, showing distribution of the surplus of said estate to the persons entitled thereto.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the eighteenth day of February next, A. D. 1924, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Probate Court, Middletown, R. I., January 21, A. D. 1924.

Estate of George A. Read

FRANK L. TINKHAM, the Administrator of the estate of George A. Read, late of the City of Taunton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, presents to this Court his bill in writing, together with a copy of said will and of the Probate thereof, under the seal of the County of Bristol, in said Commonwealth of Massachusetts, before which Court said will has been proved, requesting that said copies may be filed and recorded in the Registry of the Probate Court of the Town of Middletown, according to laws of the State of Rhode Island, and in said Town of Middletown, whereon said will may operate, and that letters of administration with the will annexed on the estate of said George A. Read, found in the State of Rhode Island and may be issued to him, said petitioner.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the eighteenth day of February next, A. D. 1924, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

**DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?**  
USE THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS IN THE  
**NEWPORT DAILY NEWS**  
EVERY DAY One Hundred People are doing this  
and they GET RESULTS  
CIRCULATION OVER 6400 DAILY  
TELEPHONE 17, OR MAIL YOUR WANTS—BILL WILL BE SENT  
For Sale To Let Help Wanted Situations Gen'l Lost and Found  
FIRST 25 WORDS 25 CENTS FOR  
PRICE INSERTION, 10 CENTS FOR  
REPEATS

**New York**  
VIA FALL RIVER LINE  
Fare \$4.44  
Large, Comfortable  
Staterooms  
Orchestra on  
each Steamer  
Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:25 P.M.  
Due New York 7:00 A.M.

**COKE FOR SALE**  
\$13.50 Per Ton Delivered  
\$12.00 Per Ton at Works  
60 cents per hundred pounds  
Newport Gas Light Co

**Sheriff's Sale**  
STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS  
Newport, So. Sheriff's Office,  
Newport, R. I. Oct. 25th, A. D. 1923. BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 8605 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the thirteenth day of August, A. D. 1923, and returnable to the said Court November thirteenth, A. D. 1923, upon a judgment rendered by the said Court on the thirteenth day of July, A. D. 1923, in favor of Robert A. Randall of Newport, plaintiff, and against Ernest H. Pollitt, of Newport, in said County, defendant, I have (this day at 45 minutes past 4 o'clock p. m.) levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Ernest H. Pollitt, had on the 1st day of November, A. D. 1921, or 6 minutes past 11 o'clock a. m., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to certain lots or parcels of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:

1st parcel: Easterly by Ten's Court, twenty-five feet; Southerly, by land formerly of James Clarke, deceased, sixty-seven feet; Westerly, by land formerly of John N. A. Griswold, twenty-five feet; and Northerly, by land formerly of John N. A. Griswold, thirty-five feet; and Northerly by land now or formerly of the heirs or devisees of John West, deceased, sixty-five feet and nine inches, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND The second of which said parcels of land is bounded and described as follows, to wit: Easterly by Ten's Court, thirty-five feet; Southerly, by the parcel of land heretofore described, thirty-five feet; Westerly, by land formerly of John N. A. Griswold, thirty-five feet; and Northerly by land now or formerly of the heirs or devisees of John West, deceased, sixty-five feet and nine inches, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 22 day of February, A. D. 1924, at 12:30 o'clock p. m., for the satisfaction of said Execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

Jan. 5-12-19-25 Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, January 7, 1924.  
Estate of Alex Ernst  
CHARLES A. NEGUS, Guardian of the person and estate of Alex Ernst, presents his account with the estate of ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 4th day of February, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 12th, 1924.  
Estate of Ellen A. Hathaway  
REQUEST in writing is made by Mary M. Bailey, of said Newport, daughter of Ellen A. Hathaway, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that she or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Eleventh day of February next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

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